Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1802.

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THE BYSTANDER JUNE 29, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.— First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. p os. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.— Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel. —Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.— 100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Hotel, quiet sit., homely. Incl. tms. fr. R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6.-, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From R.M.4.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

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Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.9

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance). — Hotel Bad Schachen.—1st-class throughout—200 rooms—priv. beach—extens. park—tennis—mod. terms.

Mannheim - Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New Garage in hotel

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

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Geneva.—Metropole & National.—The comf. hotel on the lake side and nearest to business centre. Rooms from Frs. 6. Pens. from Frs. 14

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. from Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Grand Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Ten., swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh. 14

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf, Tennis, Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).—Full stn. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Htl. Schweizerhof.—Rnwnd. for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. from Frs. 6. Pens. rates fr. Frs. 14. Gar. ten., swim.

Interlaken.—Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sit. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. Absolutely first-class. Pens. rate fr. Frs. 17.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First-class. Home of best English Soc. All Sum. Sports. Lake bathing. Pens. terms fr. Frs. 15 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—on the lake 110 beds The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—(First-class). Magnificent. View of lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lausanne - Ouchy.—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sporthotel Wild-Strubel.**—Alpine Flora at its best, easy walks, mountain tours. Every comft. From Frs. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof. —In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates fr. Frs. 13.

Lucerne. — Hotel Beau-Rivage. — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free. Park, tennis garage.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace, leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin.—Gd. Htl.—Most cen., beautiful spot for holidays, 3,000 ft. up. View over Lake of Geneva. Easy access. Terms fr. 12s. a day

(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander, June 29, 1938 No. 1802. Vol. CXXXVIII.

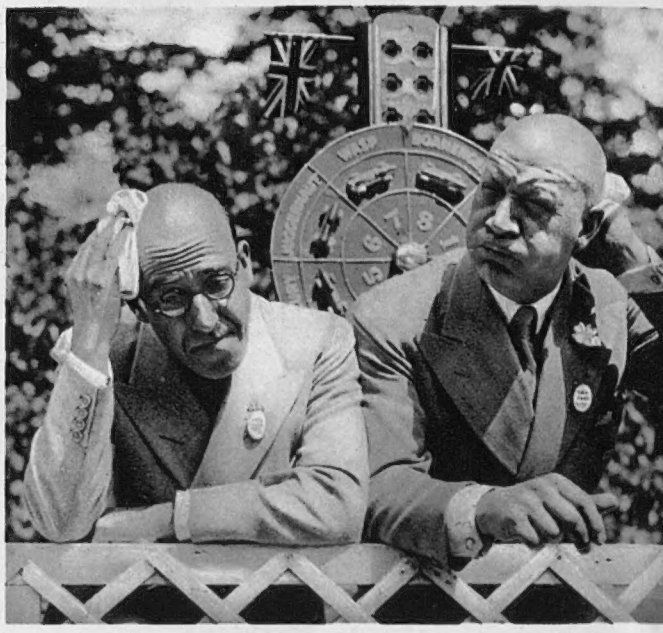
The Bystander

Robert Taylor and Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades"

It is doubtful if anyone outside Hollywood would have seen Robert Taylor, Robert Young, and Franchot Tone as the heroes of Erich Maria Remarque's novel, "Three Comrades." Nevertheless, the three gallant, shabby garage owners of that brilliantly told, gaily tragic story of post-war Germany have been so cast, with Margaret Sullavan as Patricia, the girl whom one of them (Robert Taylor) loves and marries before she dies of consumption. Frank Borzage directed the film adaptation, which started its run at the Empire last Friday

"Onward, Christian Soldiers." Raymond Massey and Tamara Geva

The blonde babies' impresario and the beautiful Russian spy who sing a hymn together as the bombs and curtain fall on "Idiot's Delight," ran a gambling den at the Theatrical Garden Party and needed beer to give them strength



"Banana Ridge" Bald Pates

Hotter still were Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton, bald-pate pair from the Ben Travers' farce. Their way of coaxing money from pockets was a simple kind of chance-game based on motor-racing

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

ONCE again the Prime Minister has restated the British attitude towards the bombing of the merchant ships in Spanish ports. In last week's debate in the House a number of courses of action were suggested by various members of the various oppositions, such as the withdrawal of our agent from Franco's headquarters and the handing of his passport to the Duke of Alba; the impounding of General Franco's funds in this country; and the stationing of an aircraft-carrier at the three-mile limit. Mr. Lloyd George added another—that the aerodromes in the Balearic Islands, from which the aeroplanes come, should be bombed. If they are Franco's aerodromes for Spanish aeroplanes, his argument ran, the reprisal would be just, and if they are Italian aerodromes, Signor Mussolini would not dare to come forward and protest and say that it was he who had been bombing our ships. The most bitter gibe of all came from Mr. Noel Baker, who said that if we could not ourselves protect the Union Jack, at least let us sell anti-aircraft guns to the Spanish Government so that they could protect the Union Jack for us.

BUT Mr. Chamberlain proved, I think conclusively, that none of these ideas are really practical so long as we are not prepared to run even the faintest risk of precipitating a general smash-up. This attitude is, of course, one of the essential differences between democracy and dictatorship. The dictators will send aeroplanes and tanks to either side, and will bombard Almeria as a reprisal, without worrying about the consequences. Democracies are apt to worry themselves about the immediate consequences, at any rate, of drastic action. What is also certain, and is the root of the tragedy, is that modern democracies seem to worry as little about ultimate consequences as dictators.

THE one concrete fact which emerges from Mr. Chamberlain's speech is that General Franco can now do anything he likes to the Union Jack, wherever he sees it within the three-mile limit. And the General has been one of the first to spot this delightful *carte blanche* that he has been given. Within twenty-four hours of Mr. Chamberlain's speech his aeroplanes had sunk two English ships at Valencia, machine-gunning one of them as it sank. Not only this. An English ship, during the same twenty-four hours, was "captured" by a pirate seaplane on the high seas, and ordered by wireless to proceed to Palma, Majorca. It was rescued, however, by the timely arrival of a British destroyer. As I write, there are rumours that another English ship has been sunk on the high seas.

SEVERAL correspondents have addressed to me an extraordinary argument in favour of General Franco's action in bombing our ships. These ships are engaged, they cry, in search of enormous profits and, therefore, it is quite right to destroy them. Surely the whole essence of capitalism is the search for profits, and the more enormous the better. If this argument had come from the "Reds," it might have had some sense, but to defend the capitalist side in the Spanish war for bombing the capitalist ships of another capitalist country, on the ground that they are engaged in the very essence of capitalism, seems to me to be cloud-cuckoo-land. For myself, I am all in favour of the largest possible profits for anyone concerned in a legal enterprise.

MR. DE VALERA'S success in the Irish elections is a good deal more than a personal triumph for the President. It is a clear demonstration that friendship with England is no longer a bar to success in Irish politics. The extremists, who try to play on the last remnants of Anglo-Irish troubles in the past, have had very little success, and Mr. de Valera has proved what all except the die-hards have prophesied for years, that the more olive branches England holds out, the more olive branches Ireland will be delighted to receive.

AMERICA'S sudden publication of the names of the Germans whom they accuse of being spies is a departure from ordinary diplomatic procedure. It is the first time, I think, that a department of justice in one country has openly accused officials of another country of espionage in peace-time. The puzzling thing about the whole business is that America should possess any naval or military secrets worth spying upon.

THE totalitarian chaps made a great mistake when they dragged politics into international sport. Games and politics ought to be kept separate. The Olympic Games in Berlin were designed simply and solely for the glorification of the Nazi régime, and the German athletes did extraordinarily well and

"Jupiter" and "Alkmena"

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, idyllically walking around Regent's Park hand in hand, somehow or other managed to look cool and composed

"The Only Girl"

Violet Lorraine did showman for one of the attractions, appealing with undaunted voice and gestures to a willing audience

"Keep Our Love the Same"

That's Evelyn Laye's new song at the Palladium and really nothing to do with her and Ralph Lynn doing impromptu stuff for the Actors' Orphanage at the Garden Party

were a credit to their political bosses. But there are two sides to everything, and the destruction of Schmeling, the personal friend of Hitler and the pride of Germany, is as much the responsibility of the German Government as the German victories were in the Games. Nazi Germany is stunned at the victory of the non-Aryan, and it is a severe blow for the prestige of the Aryan race-doctrine.

AMONG the distinguished men who were given degrees at Yale University last week were Mr. Walt Disney and Lord Tweedsmuir. It was a happy thought of the pundits of Yale to link these two distinguished men together. I have always thought that Richard Hannay is almost as funny as Mickey Mouse.

THE matinée to commemorate the jubilee of Miss Irene Vanbrugh was a tremendous success, and His Majesty's Theatre was packed. Miss Vanbrugh herself played three pieces, each one a perfect medium for her wit and charm and skill. One was an act from *Belinda*, an early A. A. Milne; one was the great scene from *Quex*; and the third was the triumph of making us really believe that she was playing the part of a woman of forty and a "bittock," who is playing the part of a girl of twenty-nine, in Barrie's *Rosalind*. Mr. Edward Knoblock was in his usual skilful form in charge of the proceedings, and Mr. Noel Coward wrestled gallantly with the lines which Mr. Alfred Noyes had tugged into position for him as a Prologue.

THE Theatrical Garden Party was in one way a success and in another a failure. The day was gloriously hot and sunny, and enormous crowds flocked to East Wing, Regent's Park, where the party was being held for the first time, and presumably the actors' orphanage raked in a lot of money. But the site was not really suitable. It was much too small, and the side-shows and the stalls and the entertainments were jammed on top of each other so that it was hardly possible to move. As the afternoon wore on the air in the neighbourhood of East Wing was gradually replaced by clouds of dust, and everyone got hot and dusty. The real feature of it all was the amazing energy and cheerfulness of the actors and actresses who were in charge of the stalls. They worked for hours on end in an atmosphere from which the ordinary person would have fled screaming.

MR. JOHN FOTHERGILL, most famous of inn-keepers, has published a second book of reminiscences called *Confessions of an Inn-keeper*. It is written on the same lines as his earlier *Diary of an Inn-keeper*, but it devotes more space to the actual technical side of buying, running and selling an inn, and that makes it all the more interesting. Mr. Fothergill is now settled at the "Three Swans," at Market Harborough, and all those of his friends who loved the "Spreadeagle" at Thame, and who viewed with the most profound misgivings the Royal Hotel at Ascot, will wish him every success at the "Swans."

IT is sad to have to record it, but the Australian tactics on the cricket-field are steadily undermining their popularity. On the whole the English cricket spectator is a cheerful and patient creature not easily roused to anger, and as a result he has often been most scandalously treated by the authorities in charge of the game. But even he is getting roused at the Australians' obvious casualness in any game except a Test match. In fact, repeatedly the Australians have shown in the lesser games that they are not interested in winning. All they want is some nice batting practice and a quiet draw. This is a very great pity.

IT is the custom in this country to drink champagne out of flat glasses. The new French stamp of 1 franc 75 is adorned by a handsome young lady, her head slightly on one side, and surmounted by a head-dress like a full-spread of a peacock's tail, and holding in her lovely hand, which looks suspiciously as if it had five fingers and a thumb, a tall, thin glass. And the whole is labelled "Champagne." Presumably the French know.

AT last, after many, many years, reality has caught up with one of the oldest jokes of the funny boys of Fleet Street. A Canadian doctor has just ridden 250 miles a week for several weeks through the Chinese war zone on a pedal-bicycle, and so at last we have the genuine, authentic cycle in Cathay.

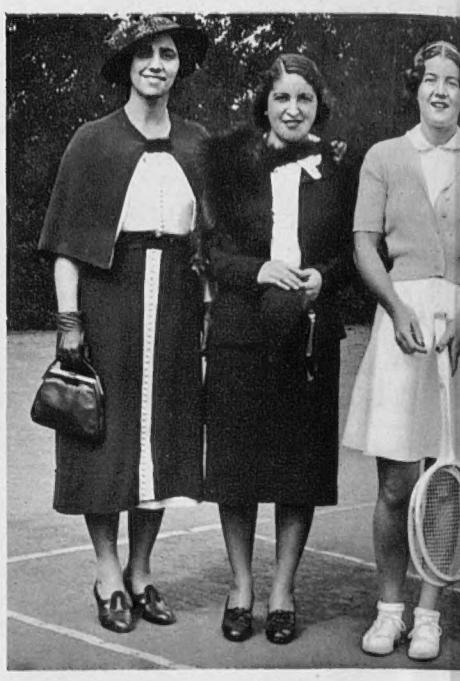
The First Week at Wimbledon

Secretary and Spectators

Major D. R. Larcombe, secretary and manager of the All-England L.T.C. for fifteen years and the big man behind the Wimbledon scene, was talking to Mr. Montague Lowry-Corry and his sister, Mrs. Arthur Paget

A Princess and Two Players

Princess Antoinette of Monaco was with Gene Mako, U.S.A. second string, and Donald Budge, holder of the Singles Championship. Budge and Mako together hold the Doubles, and are defending as partners this year



The Defeated Lizana and Three Brides-

Señorita Anita Lizana (second from left) is as everyone knows, to Ronald Ellis, of Dundee In spite of or because of this, the champion o seeded this year) lost her first Wimbledon match t champion of France. Her three bridesmaid Abed, Miss Peggy Scriven and Mis

Right: hero of the third day at Wimbledon was Henry Billington, who led Donald Budge 5—2 in the first set, playing with astonishing brilliance. But Budge got after him, and his brief, glorious career ended in a 7—5, 6—1, 6—1 win by the holder

Fast and Cheerful Players

Miss S. Piercey (South Africa) made her first Centre Court appearance against Miss Alice Marble and cheerfully lost a fast, hard-hitting match 6—4, 6—0

"Tennis Twins"

Eric Filby and "Bunny" Austin are really alike enough to justify their nickname. Young Filby, England's future hope, made his Centre Court début with that alarming-for-Austin match 4—6, 6—1, 3—6, 6—4, 6—3

Seven Games from Mrs. Moody

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody won comfortably against Mrs. Hopman, but Mrs. Hopman made a brave attack and took her seven games with good strokes

maids

being married, early in July. America (un- Mme. Mathieu, here are Miss Joan Physick

Ciné-Fiend

Miss Freda James (another July bride) goes around with a ciné-camera between sets. Her first two victims were Miss Dearman and Madame de Meulemeester

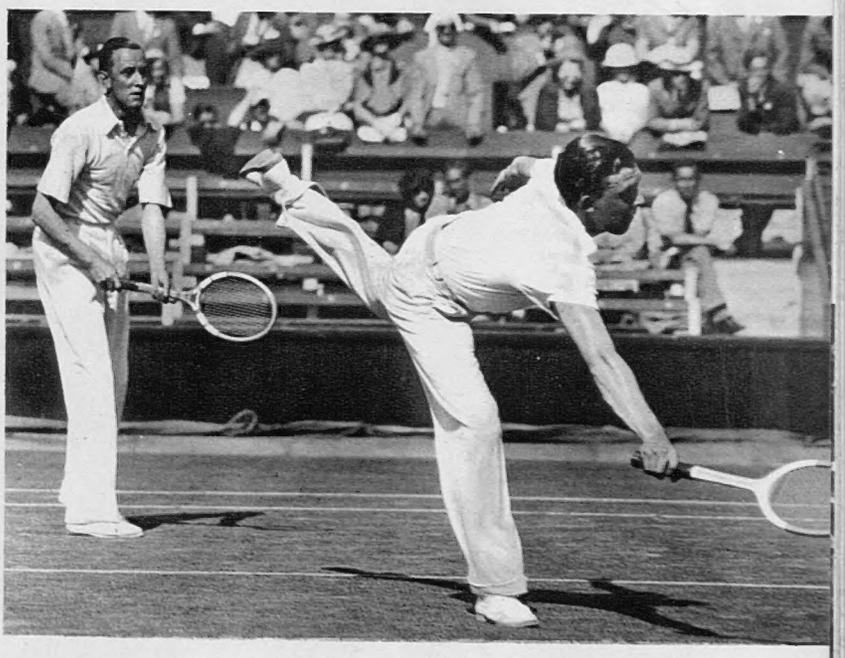
Sisters on a High Seat

Miss Denise and Miss Pamela Maxwell-Woosnam are the pretty daughters of the Cambridge quadruple Blue, Mr. Max Woosnam. They dressed alike for Wimbledon, in flowered dresses, dark blue coats and turban hats

Star and Professional

Miss Helen Jacobs, 1936 champion, unseeded this year, made hay of Miss Whitmarsh in her first match, beat Miss Ingram in her second. Here she is with the great Bill Tilden

"The Madness of Henry Billington"



English Arabesque in the Doubles First Round

G. P. Hughes and F. H. D. Wilde, British doubles partners, beat a German pair, R. Göpfert and E. Koch in their first-round match. Wilde was knocked out by G. von Metaxa in his first singles match

Left: Mlle. Jedrzejowska lost one set in her first match with Australian Mrs. D. Stevenson and one in her second match with British Mrs. M. R. King

Right: R. Menzel, giant of Czechoslovakia, and W. C. Choy, of China, had their match interrupted by rain; next day their great tussle ended with a victory to Menzel of 7–5, 3—6, 4—6, 6—2, 8—6

Social Register

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Lady Stavordale and Her Son

Lord and Lady Stavordale's son was christened Charles Stephen at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. They have already a son born in 1934 and a daughter of six. Lord Stavordale is the Earl of Ilchester's elder son

FIVE WEDDINGS

The Hon. Valerie Mansfield and Viscount Parker

Lord Parker and Valerie Mansfield were married at Upper Sheringham, Norfolk, and had a guard of honour of Sheringham fishermen holding the oars of the local lifeboat. He is the Earl and Countess of Mansfield's eldest son, and she is Lord and Lady Sandhurst's only daughter

Donna Degna Marconi Marries

Signor Gabriele Paresce, Press Attaché at the Italian Embassy in London, and Donna Degna Marconi, daughter of the late Senator Marconi, were married in Florence in the chapel of the villa of the Marquis Marignoli di Monte Corona

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hacking and Their Son

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Eric Hacking gave their son the names Douglas David. Mr. Hacking is the son of Sir Douglas and Lady Hacking (his father is a Birthday Honours baronet); his wife was Daphne Finnis before their 1936 wedding. Her sister, Rosemary, married Antony Noel Hunter three days later

SPECTATOR SPORTS

Watching Polo

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wallis were at Ranelagh, just having come south from his place on Loch Awe. They were married recently; Mrs. Wallis was Mlle. Maeva Lejeune

Watching the Ships

The Hon. David Tennant took his daughter Pauline on the Gargoyle Club's river trip from Westminster to Greenwich. His wife, Hermione Baddeley, divorced him last year

Mr. Dalrymple and Lady Oranmore

The Hon. Hew Dalrymple, second son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, and Mildred Lady Oranmore and Browne, daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

The Rev. G. Thomson and Miss de Courcy

The Rev. George Ian Falconer Thomson, Chaplain of Hertford College, Oxford, and the Hon. Bridget Doreen de Courcy, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Kingsale, of Homefield, Coffinswell, Devon, were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea. Lord Kingsale is Premier Baron of Ireland

Mr. Kevill-Davies and Miss Hopwood

Christopher Evelyn Kevill-Davies, son of the late Capt. Kevill-Davies, 7th Hussars, and Mrs. Kevill-Davies, of Leominster, Herefordshire, and Virginia Louisa Hopwood, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. R. A. Hopwood, of 7, Sloane Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

DOING THEIR BIT FOR CHARITY

Posters and Polo

The Countess of Jersey, the Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis, and Lady Grenfell were at the big meeting at Seafield House in connection with the Ranelagh Polo Ball which is being held on July 14 in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Mrs. Scott-Ellis's mother-in-law, Lady Howard de Walden, is the ball president

Pageantry in Wiltshire—a Big Affair at Longford Castle

Lord David Cecil and Lady Pansy Lamb, as Edward III. and Queen Philippa, took a leading part in the Chaucer Pageant and Fourteenth-Century Fair at Longford Castle, in aid of Salisbury Infirmary and the Waifs and Strays Society

The Countess of Radnor was talking to Major A. E. Phillips, a Pageant monk, during a rehearsal at Longford Castle, Lord and Lady Radnor's home. Lady Radnor and Major Phillips are Joint-Masters of the Wilton

Anthony

Kenneth Lindsay, Education's Spokesman in the House of Commons

With his "President," Lord Stanhope, in the House of Lords, Kenneth Lindsay, Scottish National Labour Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, has twice had to present its Estimates to the House of Commons, last week for the second time. "Half-way through a great reform," the Board's immediate job is to steer local authorities towards preparedness for the raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen in September, 1939. Since he went from the Admiralty to the Board last year, Mr. Lindsay has travelled thousands of miles around the country, visiting schools. Besides the energy and long-standing concern with his subject that impel him to see for himself, he has humour and a vision of education's function in a democracy that combines idealism and common sense. A more practical rural training as a means of reviving agriculture is one of his enthusiasms. National fitness is another: as an all-round athlete and a first-hand student of social conditions in the East End, he knows both sides of that question. Outside his job his special interests are his constituency, Kilmarnock; P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning), of which he was a founder; and a light-hearted sociable kind of week-end cricket

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 77

Helen Wills Moody

BEING one of the lucky people who saw Helen Wills playing Suzanne Lenglen on the only occasion they ever met—at the Carlton Hotel Tennis Tournament at Cannes several years ago—I have always watched Mrs. Moody's career with interest.

Interest was enhanced by the fact that we danced together the whole of the evening following the dramatic match which she really only lost by a whisker—and a linesman. She was apparently all by herself, except for her mother, who had gone home to Nice directly after the match. Since those days I have seen her occasionally, sometimes in a professional capacity, sometimes otherwise. I remember going to interview her. But the interview was a flop. She was doing her best, but all she could say was "Yes" or "No." A more experienced newspaper man who was with me had taken down with him a lengthy questionnaire which only required a series of affirmatives or negatives to turn it into a first-rate interview. When she returned after her marriage one detected much more vitality. Of course it was merely shyness that had made her appear so uncommunicative before. Helen Wills (or Mrs. Moody, as you prefer) is very generous, preternaturally calm. She used to do pleasant little caricatures of other players. But her good nature always got the better of her and they were wooden rather than pointed. Many of you know her better than I do on the tennis courts. You realise that her slow ease is not slowness itself at all. As for the "poker face" expression, why shouldn't she look cool and behave coolly instead of getting hot and flustered, screaming with laughter on the courts, or jumping over the net between the sets, which is apparently what people expect her to do?

ONE of her great advantages on the court is that ability to quell her opponents, most of whom lose their nerve and mishit their strokes simply because they know that they are playing against her. More recently this unconscious hypnotism has not been working so well. Mme. Sperling beat her the other day, Kay Stammers has also shown that she is not invincible, and yet no one can ever make her run far. If anyone dares a drop-shot it is merely amusing and can be safely ignored. There seems no point in referring in any detail to the occasion when she defaulted to Helen Jacobs in 1933. She was suffering from a genuine back injury from which it took her a long time to recuperate. It is impossible to write about her without referring to the almost child-like way in which she looks at you straight between the eyes when she is talking. And you cannot help noticing, close up, the efficient strength of her hands. This time she is coming over to break a record. If she wins at Wimbledon this week (I am writing before the event), she will have been the champion eight times. At present she ties with Mrs. Lambert Chambers with seven wins, Suzanne Lenglen having six to her credit. The last time she won was in 1935, so that it is a break of three years since her last attempt. It was on her fourteenth birthday that she was given, as a birthday present by her father, a membership of the Berkeley Tennis Club. Quickly she beat the reigning girl player and the experts started prophesying, especially as she won at the age of fifteen the American National Junior Championship for girls under eighteen. Two years later she won the Women's Singles Championship. But do you remember her first appearance at Wimbledon, with her three buns of hair and her black tie and white stockings? To-day she is still faithful to her eye-shade and her pleated skirt. But her jumper is open at the front. She wears two pairs of socks instead of long white stockings, but being thirty-two she is inclined to tire after a hard set. Still, it would be nice to see the ex-queen of Wimbledon regain her throne.

Charles Graves

Sketches by Rouson

Stage folk: a leading man (Edgar Norfolk), a supporting lady (Fabia Drake), and a producer (Alan Webb)

Lord with theatrical aspirations (Barry Jones)

With cornet: Donna Lovelace, a leading lady of yesteryear (Lilian Braithwaite)

Playwright (Ralph Michael)

The Theatre

"Comedienne" (Haymarket)

THERE are many stories of a certain sharp-tongued actress who, using always a soft, languorous, deep-toned voice, scored terrifically off Pinero, George Alexander, Shaw or any other panjandrum who happened to get at cross-purposes with her. If you have heard them, and the raconteur has known his business, you will recognise the voice which Lilian Braithwaite gives the actress heroine of Ivor Novello's new comedy at the Haymarket, and one or two of the stories the heroine tells of her past career will have a familar ring. Whether this knowledge will help or hinder your enjoyment of the piece is largely a matter of taste. There can be no doubt, however, that the author who uses bits and pieces of an actual and familiar personality to add verisimilitude to an imaginary portrait adds enormously to his own difficulties.

"Thomas affects me as a lie," wrote Stevenson about one of the characters in a Barrie novel, "He was probably someone you knew." Donna Lovelace, the ageing actress who sets out to recapture the public which has forgotten her, does not affect me as a lie. Ivor Novello and Lilian Braithwaite between them have got over the difficulty of working certain mannerisms we know to be actual into a persuasive, imaginary portrait.

DONNA LOVELACE, in spite of the soft, languorous, deep-toned voice and the inspired mischievousness, is Donna Lovelace and nobody else. Even her wit is, for the most part, her own, and it is genuine wit. She is the comedy: that is to say, nothing in the story is of the slightest interest except the display she makes of a theatrical genius which goes to seed because she is incapable of the self-discipline without which genius cannot preserve its vitality. The display is made in the course of a discussion of the play that may re-establish her fame, at the preliminary rehearsal which her sparkling chatter almost ruins and her genius enriches, at a later rehearsal where she realizes how little time her showing-off has left her to perfect her performance and after her failure in odd snatches of conversation.

THAT the author of the play she is rehearsing turns out to be the illegitimate son of the husband whose desertion many years ago gave her mischievousness a self-destructive turn, and that the deserter should present himself at the moment best calculated to disturb her concentration on the play are the principal incidents of the story, which fits where it touches the shrewd and entertaining study of one kind of theatrical temperament.

In all probability the amusingness of the character will triumph over the slackness of the story. There is the risk that the average audience may tire of listening to so much theatrical "shop," but Lilian Braithwaite does most of the talking, and that must reduce the risk. Fabia Drake, as a workmanlike younger actress, Barry Jones as an exceedingly cheerful backer of losers, and Mervyn Jones as his fantastically simple successor, each does something to reduce the risk still further.

A. V. C.

James Dale as Cardinal Wolsey

Giles Isham as King Henry

"Henry VIII." at Stratford

Summer weather and the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford go as well together as strawberries and cream; the crowd barometer there begins to rise steadily to its August peak. One of the most important productions in the 1938 repertoire is this *Henry VIII.*, chosen as the Birthday play, produced by B. Iden Payne, director of the theatre, and with settings and costumes by Herbert Norris, whose dresses are all exact replicas of the clothes of the period

Valerie Tudor as Anne Boleyn

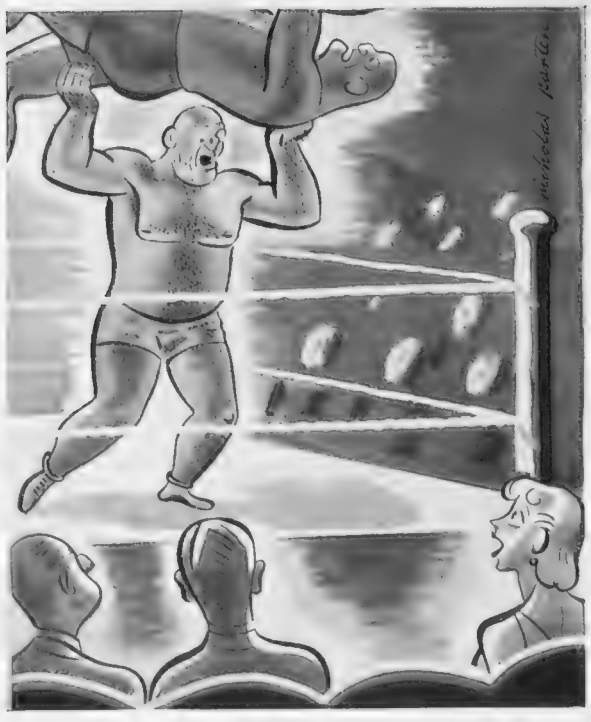
Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Katherine of Aragon

Photographs by Anthony

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Is that seat reserved, lady? "

POLICE from Los Angeles, Mr. Darryl F. (" Live-Wire ") Zanuck announced in London the other day, will come over to confer with Scotland Yard over the protection of Shirley Temple from the ravenous London mob before that tiny sweetheart arrives among us next year. Being just a little mother ourselves, as is known to one and all, we realise the urgency of this step. If fifty thousand-odd of the free and enlightened tore each other to bits to get a glimpse of La Dietrich in the act of lazily raising and lowering those celebrated eyelashes (whose names are Dinty, Sea-View, Ma Solitude, Chatsworth, Rover, Chez Nous, Archie, Ye Wee Hoose, Pongo, Mélisande, Wendy, The Larches, Homer K. Untermeyer, Bébé, Socks, Just You, Tweedles, Weltschmerz, Froufrou, Liberty, etc.), what will happen when the curly little idol of ten million warm, pulpy British hearts dimples her way into this country ? Mr. Zanuck himself says " Her life might be endangered." As the poet James Stephens wrote smudgily in pencil in the margin of one of the poet Oliver Gogarty's love-poems, now our prized possession : " By God, 'tis tragic ! "

The native film trade is rather gloomy about the prospect ; not that they give a hoot about that sweet Temple child, but because there 'll be no job for the thousands of " extras " generally engaged to welcome a Hollywood star arriving in London, at two bob an hour. Amateur frenzy will provide all the screaming and rushing necessary, and everybody will be too excited to care whether the fits thrown at Victoria or Waterloo are authentic or not. We did hear that a bodyguard of Sunshine Special Cops will be sworn in, commanded by Mr. Godfrey Winn and smiling through bunches of roses ; but as these will be the first to faint, they won't be much good when the first assault wave is launched. The position needs careful thinking out. Correspondence to us during the actual period may be addressed c/o the Dalai Lama, " The Pines," Sangri-La, Tibet.

Owzat ?

FOND as we are of a dollop of culture with our morning orange-juice, we thought Auntie *Times* played it a bit leery the other morning when she advertised her Flats-to-Let department with an appropriate citation from the *Supplices* of Æschylus. You know the one—" ei de tis meidson charis," etc. We needn't tell you scholarly twirps what it means, especially " monorrythmous domous," and as every *Times* reader has the Loeb Classics or some other good crib at his elbow, all over bacon-grease and marmalade, due to hurried thumbing —you never know when one of Auntie's donnish friends will choose to veil his allusions in the decent obscurity of a dead language—few were probably caught napping. The *Daily Express* often springs a sudden bit of English on its 2,000,000-odd followers in the same tricksy fashion. Otherwise the foreign languages are barred almost completely by Fleet Street, the ruling being that they irritate the populace. Which seems to us cock-eyed psychology, it being obvious (Dr. Johnson said so) that an occasional tag in Latin or Greek or whatnot flatters the unlettered reader and makes him think more highly not only of himself but also of the kindly author. By booming a few classical tags at the red-faced country squires lying all round them, each having a few pints of Bellamy's port under his belly-band and being disposed to think well of the whole universe, chaps like Pitt and Gladstone could get away with murder. It isn't necessarily snobbery to quote ; it 's often snobbery not to.

Still, the advertising boys are a bit dubious of Auntie's injecting shots of culture into their particular racket. They think Æschylus lacks punch, to begin with, and although they recognise the sales-value of an occasional " Oh, là, là ! " (as in " Ah, ze Bongolene he is ver' good for ze, how you say, coiffure, yes ? No ? Oh, là, là ! "), they don't think much even of French.

" It 's all this talk of rearmament ! "

Choice

ONE of the more feather-pated dailies asked its readers recently what nationality they 'd prefer to take if they were barred from continuing to be British subjects. The result was interesting, the claims of America and Germany almost equally luring a total of 70 per cent. of the boys and girls. Scandinavian citizenship appealed to another 11 per cent., the Gaul got few offers (7 per cent.), and the Latins less, and only one thinker out of the lot wanted to be an Irishman next time. Obvious deductions are (*a*) that the influence of Hollywood and the jazz-band on the compulsorily educated is even stronger than the gloomiest pessimists believe ; (*b*) that docility calls to docility ; and (*c*) that being cut off from the main stream of European thought and culture for 400 years has made the average Briton regard the average Latin as a wild, strange creature

like an inhabitant of the Moon, but more queer, suspect, and odious. Yet it is still true that we owe our civilisation to the Mediterranean.

Personally, if we had to stop being British, God forbid, we could become French with perfect ease at a moment's notice. Several of their national traits are revolting, but so are several of everybody else's, barring, of course, the Scots, who are entirely virtuous and thereby qualified to instruct and improve, to enlighten and reprove, and to wag long scrawny lantern-jaws in an ethical manner all day long, a very ancient privilege. (On one of the pillars in the chateau chapel at Chenonceaux there 's a moral reflection scratched by a Scots man-at-arms some four centuries ago—you can't stop those babies wherever they are.) In our view it 's just one more black mark against the French that when the mediæval Franco-Scots alliance was at its height they disliked their holy allies intensely, describing them as belly-wolves, wine-bags, sheep-stealers, and thugs. Which shows that the finest civilisation in the world cannot preserve a people from malicious, ignoble and frantic error, and we think now we'd like to be Eskimos instead.

Fitz

A CHASTE and beautiful Brangwyn plaque was placed the other day on the birthplace of Edward Fitzgerald, Omar Khayyám's buddy and translator of the Rubaiyat, at Woodbridge, Suffolk, by a clump of admirers including the Poet Laureate, Harvard University, and the Omar Khayyám Club (the wittiest and most matey dining-club in Town, and any long-nosed member of the Odd Volumes who disputes it can step outside here and now and repeat those words). As a matter of fact, Old Fitz, as Thackeray called him, is the one crumpled leaf in the Omar Club's bed of red Persian roses. At each dinner somebody has to get up and say something new and appreciative about him. This has now become, in a word, hell. The translator—or rather, embroiderer—of Omar was undoubtedly a rum cove, but even his mild and charming eccentricities are not inexhaustible as an after-dinner topic cropping up regularly twice a year over fifty years or so. However, it 's soon over and the Club can then get on to its more agreeable occupation of analysing and criticising the character, achievements and morals of its distinguished guests, not always favourably. In a world where every club is clotted and rank with bores it is something to find one in whose sparkling, rarefied air no bore could live five minutes. The Odd Volumes assert that they are like that too ; but so, probably, does Balham Ethical Rambling Club. Moreover, the Odd Volumes don't get asked by viscounts to partake of sherry wine and luncheon with the best people at Oxford and Cambridge, or if they do it must be pretty embarrassing for their hosts. Most of the Odd Volumes' after-dinner talk, a member once told us in confidence, revolves round trouser-clips versus string and the principal makes of bicycle-pump. Aitches are freely dropped and they tuck their napkins into their collars, those members and guests who have collars. We wouldn't reveal all this if they didn't give themselves such quasi-literary airs and pretend they are not some kind of Rotary organisation.

Racket

IN Rome the police have just removed 350 Old Masters and modern paintings from a collection and arrested two or three chaps on a charge of trafficking in fakes. This is an old Roman industry, flourishing most profitably in the eighteenth century, when the universal rage for "the Classick" kept the fakers busy and artists of every country were in the racket, including our Mr. Nollekens, R.A., whose remarks on the recognised art of assembling and patching together the elements of antique "bustos" are a valuable guide. If anybody had the courage to go through the world's museums and galleries with a tooth-comb to-day the results would be interesting. The fake Italian sarcophagus at the British Museum which was recently in the news is one example, and the shamefaced official attitude over it is one of the things we never can understand, because it is a beautiful thing in itself. And if a thing is beautiful in itself, does it matter if it is the work of Michaelangelo or Elsie Hopjoy, or even the chap who wrote Shakespeare's plays ? In our estimation the honest Roman craftsmen who have for generations made a living by creating fakes—nearly all good in themselves—have done mankind a service. But for them few Buenos Ayres or Pittsburg millionaires could hang their cocktail-bars with Claudes and Velasquezes and Corregios, and the ennobling influence of Art upon them would be nil. But for them, also, the children of half the Bond Street art dealers might be crying for bread, or rice, or gin, or whatever Bond Street art dealers' children live on. Only a label-snob can condemn the art racket. With a fal la la la la.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Milord, if her ladyship were to walk in now we should be caught like rats in a trap."

Films of the Day

Nothing New in Ideas

By George Campbell

"He keeps his grief to himself—we must make him talk," remarks one character of Wallace Beery in *Port of Seven Seas*. If I couldn't keep my grief to myself it was because Monsieur Beery, like everybody else, had already talked far too much. *Port of Seven Seas* is an adaptation of a play called *Marius*, and a shot of the water-front of Marseilles, and another of the heroine daintily selling ageing oysters in the street, are not sufficient to disguise the fact that what we are witnessing is a photograph of a very stagey play in which nothing is ever said in one word where half a dozen will do.

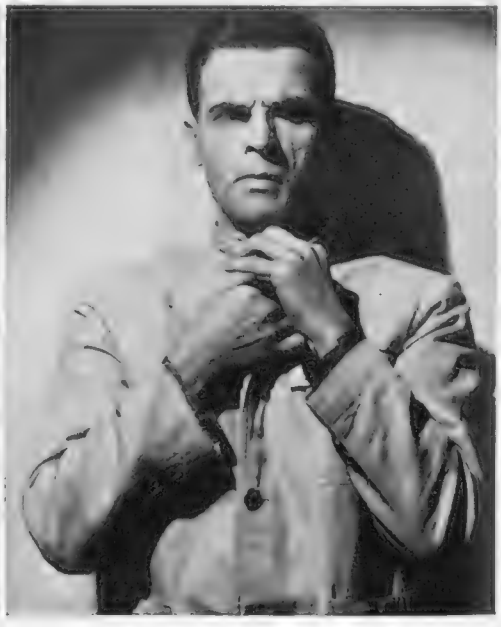
Port of Seven Seas, for all the suggestion of toughness and adventure in the title, is a sentimental comedy, with more father-love to the reel than I ever remember seeing. No sooner has the heroine produced a boy, without benefit of clergy, than her fiancé's father, her middle-aged admirer, and her fiancé's father's relatives, all start crooning rapturously over the youngster, who to these soured old eyes was distinguished from a million other babies only by the fact that he seemed, if the close-ups were any indication, to be born about three months old. When the middle-aged admirer has made the oyster girl an honest woman, and adopted the baby as his own, the door opens, and who do you think walks in? That's unfair—you looked. Well, anyway, the missing lover turns up to claim his offspring and girl-friend, and it is only after a deal of talk, and a lot more grief to at least one character in the audience, that a solution to the problem is found.

"The Devil's Party" is a modest little production, as Hollywood productions go. It will never win the Mussolini Cup or the award of Hollywood's Academy. There is not one idea in it that you haven't seen before. But one thing it has, and that is efficiency. The story is told with pace and punch, the dialogue is crisp and pointed, the acting is highly competent, and needs to be. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the men who made it one day turn out something first-rate. As it is, it is just fair standard entertainment for what the trade Press calls popular halls.

Victor McLaglen brings his gifts of toughness and sincerity to the rôle of a boy from New York's Hell's Kitchen who so profits from his term in a reformatory that on coming out he rises to be the owner of his own swell gambling hell. When a playboy dishonours a cheque, always a risky proceeding in such company, the gambler instructs a couple of strong-arm men to collect. They accidentally kill the defaulter, and then have to murder a policeman to cover their crime, and ultimately their employer is blamed, and—— But I must not spoil your suspense by revealing the end, especially as it's guineas to a gooseberry you can guess.

"Sinners in Paradise" exploits another situation of almost sensational triteness. "A giant air-liner, flying from California to Shanghai"—I am quoting from the synopsis—"is caught in a terrible storm over the raging waves of the Pacific Ocean and plunges into the sea, near an uncharted island." Rather oddly, all the officers are killed, but all the passengers, including the fat and pompous senator and the middle-aged and ailing woman, swim safely to land. This not being "The Swiss Family Robinson," they do not carry a wireless set and a portable stove on their backs: no thousand-horse-power engine, not even a saw or a hammer, floats up on to the beach. Instead the passengers find the comforts of civilisation already there—only the occupiers, a mysterious white man and his Chinese servant, are rather churlish about it, and actually set the castaways collecting fuel and cleaning fish. Naturally this goes a long way towards reforming the selfish young millionairess, the tough gangster, his blonde sweetheart and certain other characters; but two other gangsters—you know how impervious some characters are even to the best of influences—cut up ugly, seize the schooner and compel the hero's servant to pilot them to the mainland. Being a resourceful Chinese, he comes back alone, but not until he has been mortally wounded; and it seemed to me that his ten-second death scene, played by Willie Fung, was the one moving and effective moment in just over three miles of tosh.

Knowing nothing of Edgar Wallace's stage play called *Kate plus Ten*, except that it can hardly have been as bad as the title, I don't know whether the film version closely resembles it or not. It is charitable to suppose that it doesn't. *Swing, Teacher, Swing* being quite horrifically banal, that leaves just one new film worth seeing—an American prison drama called *Penitentiary*. For cast, spectacle and sensationalism it does not compare with *The Big House*, but on the whole it is a better picture—more real because more sincere, entirely free of hokum or sentimental gush, and carrying a punch until the end. Walter Connolly gives a good performance as a prison warden, Jean Parker makes an agreeably unobtrusive heroine, and the acting of Marc Lawrence, as a convict with a couple of feuds to settle, is terrific.



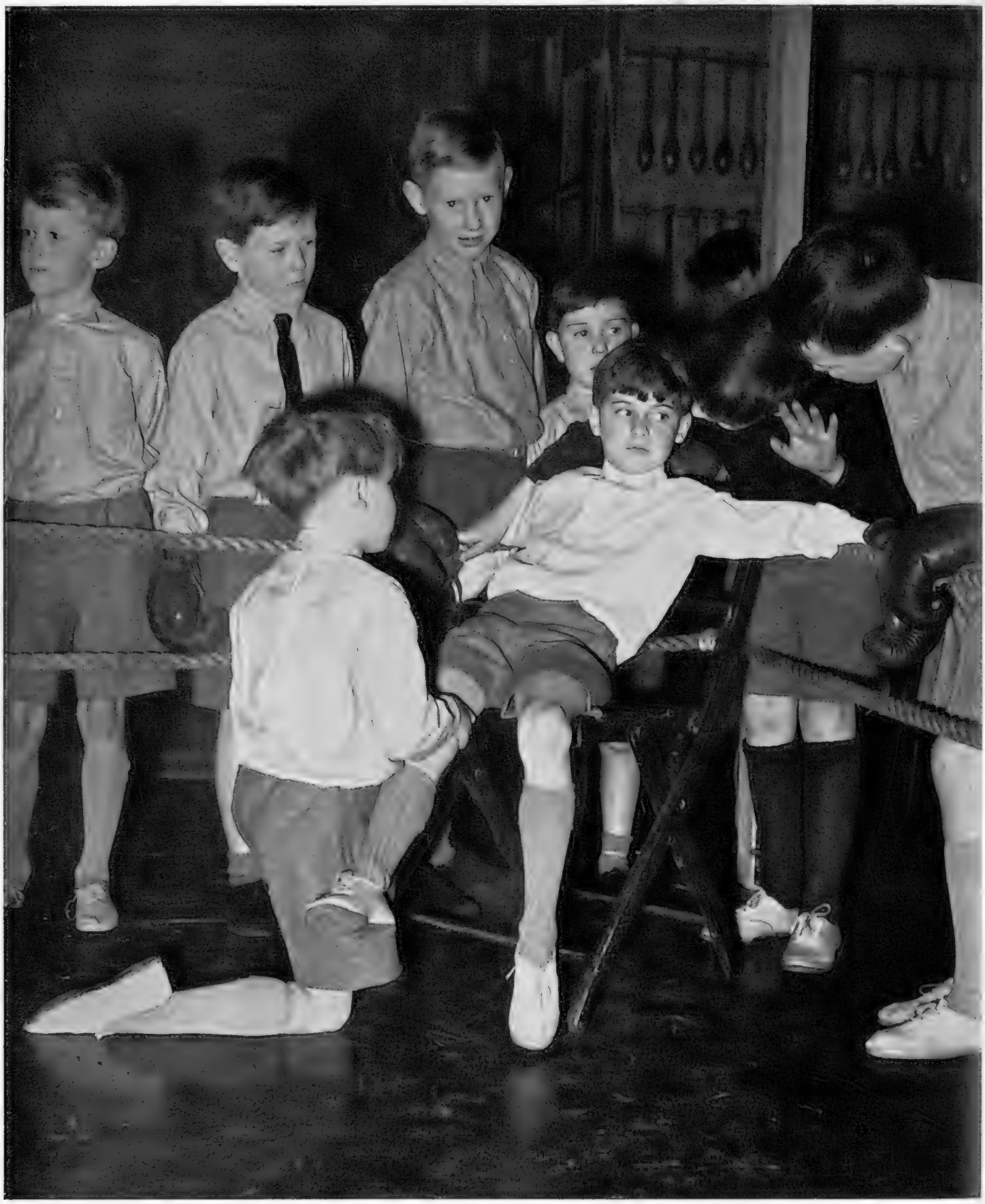
"Penitentiary"—Just One New Film Worth Seeing

John Howard, jailed for the accidental killing of a man, is hero of this new American prison story directed by John Brahm. The prison warden is Walter Connolly (right), who is strong and convincing. On the left is a warder, Robert Barratt. Love interest is supplied by the Warden's daughter (Jean Parker)

"Terrific" acting comes from Marc Lawrence as a tough convict who is further demoralised by his life in prison

Michele Morgan Has a Star in Her Hand

Here, around this eighteen-year-old French girl, weaves another star story that no fiction could better. She was born on February 29th, made up her mind as a tiny child to be a film-star when an astrologer friend of her father's found a star-marking on the palm of her hand, ran away at fifteen because her parents didn't look favourably on a screen life for their daughter, took two years to find a place in the camera's eye, and that was only as crowd-artist in an amateur production. But wait—the star was still in her hand. The producers of *Gribouille* couldn't find a leading lady, the script girl suggested they should give her friend, Michele Morgan, a test, they agreed, and the same day Mlle. Morgan had the part. From there to a star part in *Orage* was only a step, and now she and Charles Boyer are packing the house with their acting in that film at the Curzon. Is that a fairy-story or isn't it?



George Dallison

The Noble Art for Very Young Gentlemen

A ring and seconds and good advice whispered in the ear of the young boxer between rounds—the atmosphere is perhaps a little more authentic than the boxing. But these small boys do learn self-control and the hard lesson of taking a bump on the nose without lashing out wildly in return, and they are taught the noble art of self-defence by good-humoured and patient experts. "On my right" is Michael Tollemache, son of Commander Tollemache, who had just fought a round with the eight-year-old Master of Carnegie; the masseur is David Salt, Sir John Salt's son, and the whispering adviser is George Radford. The boxing class took place at the famous MacPherson's Gymnasium

Animal Portraits: No. 3. A Black Cat

Paris Has a Big Season

After Lunch

Madame Joerggen Bagge had been lunching at the George V., wearing the latest pleated skirt and cut-away jacket in dark blue, and petunia in her blouse and ribbon hat. She and her husband stayed with Mrs. James Field in London for the Derby. They have rented a villa at Deauville, where her husband is taking an Anglo-Danish polo team

Arrival at a Garden-Party

Princesse Beatrice de Broglie was one of the attractive girls who helped at Lady Decies' garden-party (see below). Talking to her is Comte Jehan de Noüe, who was just back from a U.S.A. lecture-tour on French antiquities. He owns the Abbaye des Lys, a one-time Cistercian monastery, near Fontainebleau

Drinks for Two

Mme. Max Ausnit, "best-dressed woman in Rumania," was in the Ritz Bar with Sir Robert Throckmorton. He was in Paris as a sort of exchange with his uncle who lives there and who was over in England for a visit which included Ascot. The English rush to Paris for the visit of the King and Queen really started last week

Short Skirt and Long

The short-long skirt controversy affects Paris garden-parties as it does English Ascot: Princess Cyril Troubetskoy wore a short lilac print, Mme. Roderiques Henriquez a full-skirted trailing dress, very last-word for afternoon fêtes

Socialite Saleswomen

Mlle. Jeanne-Marie de la Case, Mlle. Wanda Galezouwsky, a cousin of the Esmonds, and Mlle. Diane de Meurin were three young socialites who sold flowers and raffle-tickets at Lady Decies' garden-party, where the snapshot on the left was also taken

Hostess and Guest

Lady Decies gave one of the biggest pre-Royal-visit parties at her hôtel in the Rue des Saints-Peres. She was the former Mrs. Henry Symes Lehr of New York. With her in a large pale pink hat is Madame Briguet

Anthony

Mrs. Antony Acton Looks Good-bye to London

Mrs. Antony Acton is shutting down on the London season earlier than most people, and is off to Brioni in a day or two, to spend the rest of the summer there. So one big house in Eaton Square will soon have its blinds drawn. She and her husband, William Antony Acton, live there with a five-year-old daughter, Caroline Jane. They were married in 1932; before that Mrs. Acton was Joan Cinnetta Pearson. She is a first cousin of Viscount Cowdray; her father, the Hon. Geoffrey Pearson, who was killed in the war, was the first Lord Cowdray's third son. Mrs. Acton's life as a socialite young-married includes a fair share of activity in the endless round of " in-aid-of " entertaining

Two Sylphides Behind the S

Studies of Irina Baronova and Tatiana Riabo

Riabouchinska Ready to Dance the Prelude

Ballet Shoe Picture of Baronova

Ballet Shoe Picture of Tatiana Riabouchinska

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inska

After the Valse—Irina Baronova Rests for a Moment

Once upon a time there were three very young and lovely Russian girls who danced *Les Sylphides* for London—the Valse by Irina Baronova, the Mazurka by Tamara Toumanova, the Prelude by Riabouchinska. The unceasing changes and comings and goings in the Russian ballet world have broken up that beautifully varied and balanced trio, but have left us two of them. The Chopin ballet shows Baronova's clean classical line and strength at its most poetical, and gives Riabouchinska's softness and lightness their ideal setting as she drifts and floats in the Prelude. When Fokine rehearses his own ballet, as he has done this year, it is taken more slowly than is often seen, and the work of the corps de ballet is notable for its softness, especially of the arms. His ballet was chosen to open the season at Covent Garden on Monday last week

Prelude to Wimbledon

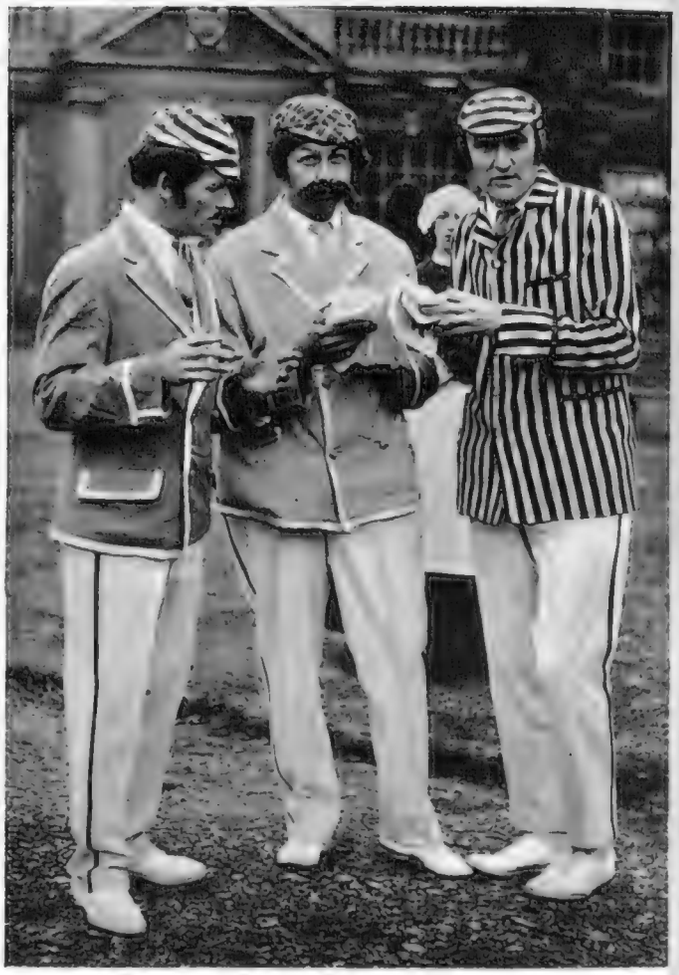
A Famous Tennis Match Re-played

The Hart Dyke Family and Some Friends

Seated in the centre above are Mrs. Bell, Sir Oliver Hart Dyke's sister, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Dyke, Lady Dyke and her sister, Mrs. Lomax. Sitting behind them are Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis and Sir Oliver Hart Dyke, owner of Lullingstone Castle, where the match was played

***The Ladies** are also invited to play, and "Lady Agnes" is partnered by John H. Heathcote (Stanley Harle), who also umpired the singles match—Hart Dyke v. Marshall*

Right: John H. Heathcote, Sir William Hart Dyke and Julian Marshall, original players of the match, were impersonated by Stanley V. Harle, Philip N. Kerney and Charles F. King, all members of the North Kent L.T.A. Here they are arguing about the rules, very local in 1873



Three Famous Players of the 'Seventies

***Butler and ball-boys** attend the match; the ball-boys, T. and A. Booker, were the original ones of the 1873 days*

***The Chambermaid** was also in attendance, to carry the rackets and balls for "the gentry"*

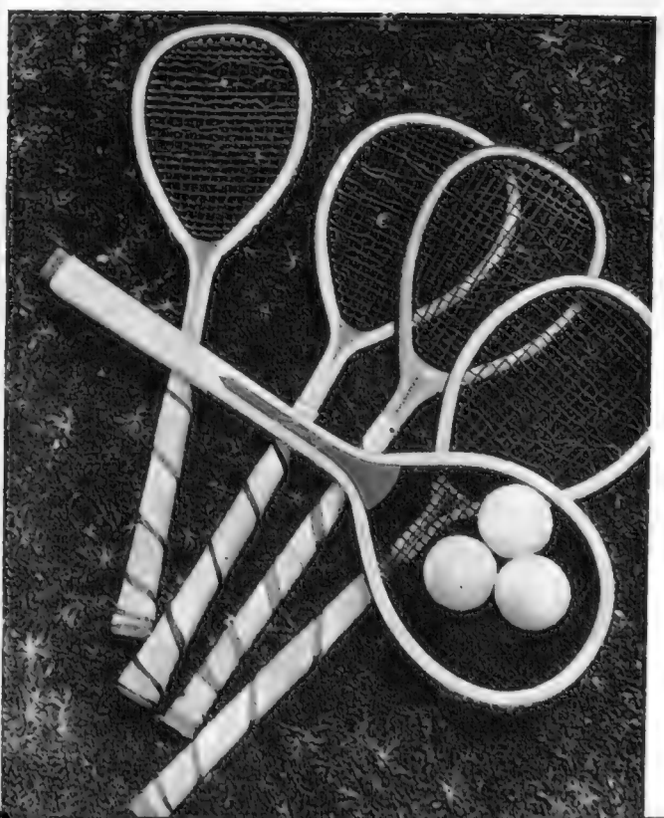
***Moving to the ball** had to be done with more decorum than this modern player could manage*

Mixed Doubles: *"Lady Ann" (Bobbie Smith) playing with Julian Marshall (Charles King), attended by one of the original ball-boys of 1873*

Play! *Sir William Hart Dyke (P. N. Kerney) was host to the famous match and a noted player of the day*

In 1873, four years before the first "Wimbledon," a famous lawn-tennis match was played at Lullingstone Castle, in Kent, where Sir Oliver and Lady Hart Dyke now live. Ten days ago the match was re-enacted, with the rules, such as they were, the style, implements and dress of sixty-five years ago. Two years after this match, Sir William Hart Dyke and John Heathcote were members of an M.C.C. sub-committee which framed the first real code of rules, and in the same year lawn tennis was added to the doings of the All-England Croquet Club, "whose ground, situated at Wimbledon, a little to the west of the South-Western Railway Station, has ever since been the headquarters of the game" (Badminton, 1903). In 1877 the first Championship meeting was held there, with an entirely new code of rules, much more like those of to-day; Julian Marshall, third member of the Lullingstone trio, helped to frame these. In fact, the three gentlemen on the left, laying down the law for the Lullingstone Castle battle, were among the fathers of English lawn tennis and the brilliance of "the Championships" at Wimbledon to-day

Old rackets *and a new one specially made for the occasion show signs of heredity from their parents, the weapons of rackets and real tennis*



The big match *was between Sir William Hart Dyke and Julian Marshall, with John Heathcote umpiring. The "net" was a ladder on two barrels*

Make-up for George Robey

Pamela Hyde is the television make-up expert at Alexandra Palace and took George Robey's eyebrows in hand without a tremor. The "Prime Minister of Mirth" must have arranged his own eyebrows thousands of times, but television needs a different technique

Cameraman at Work

M. Berthelot is one of the staff of television cameramen. His rubber-tyred movable camera was on the job of "Picture Page," the weekly revue, visible cousin of the audible "In Town To-night," which has been running since television went to Alexandra Palace two years ago

Cartoons for Viewers

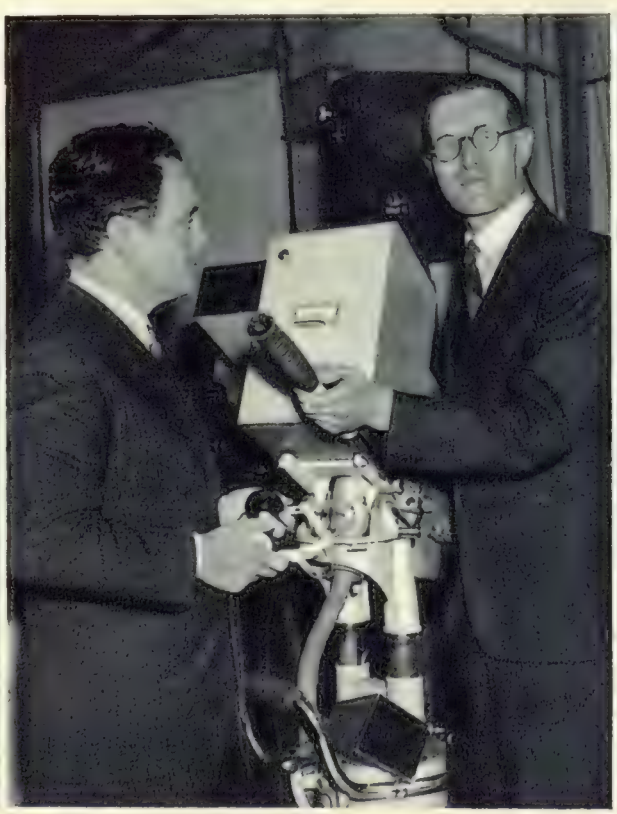
Patrick Bellew, the joke artist and illustrator, made a series of lightning cartoons for viewers. There are about 50,000 of these in the London area, allowing three and a bit to each of the 15,000 sets

Picture Page of "Picture Page"

A Television Revue

Instructions for Dancers

Tatiana Riabouchinska and David Lichine have danced for "Picture Page" since they arrived in London. Between them is Joan Gilbert discussing details of their "act." Ballet has already become a regular feature of television programmes



Travelogue Voice and Director

James Fitzpatrick is the commentator of Paramount's travelogue films, and was in England on honeymoon when he made his "Picture Page" appearance. Cecil Madden is programme organiser for television, but, like all the Alexandra Palace staff, has to be a good deal of a handyman —writing, editing, directing, and even moving the scenery

Conductor and Introducer

John Barbirolli, English conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, was just going to be introduced to viewers by Leslie Mitchell (right). Mr. Mitchell was married earlier this month to the daughter of Firth Shephard, the theatrical producer

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1932 to 1936

Much has happened since Queen Boadicea's war-chariots were Britain's fastest vehicles. That we can create multi-engined cars such as Capt. G.E.T. Eyston used to break the world's speed record is, in large measure, due to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre in 1888. Significant, too, that Eyston's distinction was achieved on Dunlop Tyres.

C.F.H.

"Bystander" Short Story, No. 145

Don't Do Me Any Little Favours

By William Saroyan

Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe

"But, of course, you're not really a criminal"

THE minute he smiled the way that was supposed to be sincere, and, in the voice that was intended to be winning, said, "What line of work are you in, Mr. Sloan?" I knew he was one who'd read that book* and wanted to make friends and influence people, so I thought I'd let him practise his instructions while I amused myself in my own anti-social way.

"Nothing in particular," I said, "although I used to dabble around in pin games."

"Pin games?" he said.

"Marble machines," I explained. "You know. Nickel-in-the-slot, five marbles, eight, ten, or even as many as fifteen. Strictly games of skill."

"That's very interesting," he said.

He was kind of interesting himself, but essentially in the category of those who get everything they get second-hand, from the outside, try hard all their lives in small and insignificant places, and wind up at the end of their lives with two dozen memories of lukewarm and ineffectual experiences. He was about thirty-four, a graduate of Stanford, and a natural-born half-wit, with none of the charm of the true, uneducated, and unambitious half-wit; the kind who naturally fall into their places, behind soda fountains, in gasoline stations, in garages, on farms, in pool rooms, and places like that. The great tribe of half-wits is not a boring tribe until it gets ambition, as it so often does in a country where all anybody needs to do in order to be somebody is to read a book and make up his mind to get results.

Anyhow, he was probably all right from the start, but hadn't followed the path destiny had plainly marked for him, so now, after all the years of weary studying at school, he was eager to be a tenth-rater in a first-rate region, instead of a first-rater in a first-rate but different region. The only trouble was he was ambitious. He had everything but that instinctive understanding of himself which usually keeps the world's half-wits pleasantly preserved in good health for two or three centuries until they are naturally in line for promotion. Now, he wanted to put himself over by pretending interest in what I might be interested in, so I mentioned pin games, which I am, on and off, interested in. You meet an average of three people like him at every party you go to. They used to be all right, but that book is wreaking terrible havoc on them all over the place.

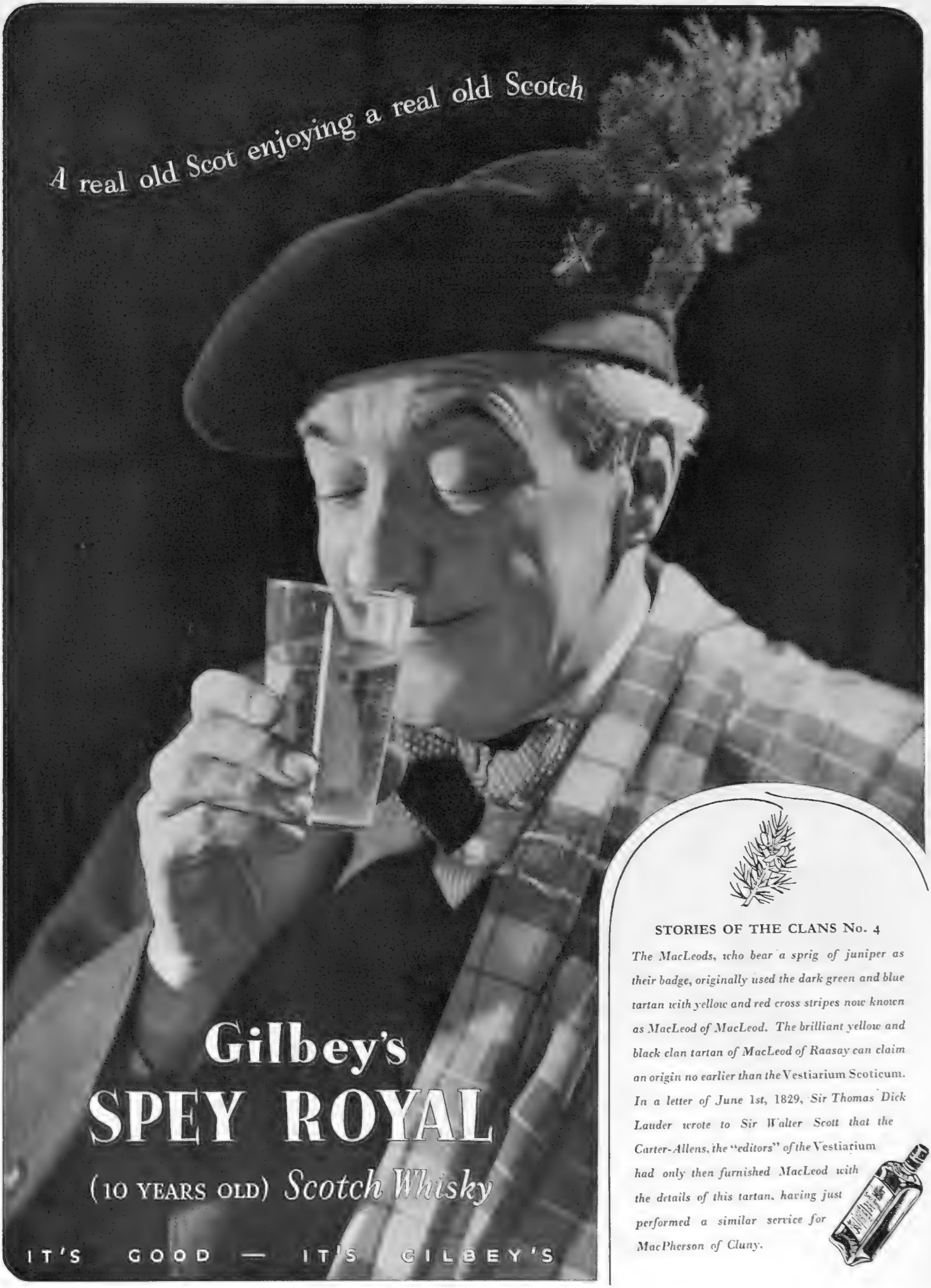
I'd been sitting near the shelf of books, just loafing around waiting for the evening to get along, glad to have Scotch to drink and nothing to do, and I wasn't paying any attention to the people who were having fun in their own way, talking and laughing and so on, and I guess he figured I was being ignored or something, so he came over to be my friend and do me the little favour of giving me his company. What he did was interrupt some pleasant dreaming, so I decided to kind of mosey along with him and, without hurting his feelings, to have a little fun myself. I have been told by thoughtful friends to watch out for such and such a person because he's an awful bore, but I haven't yet met anybody who could bore me, if I preferred not to be bored. Only bores get bored. The others get interrupted now and then.

"Oh, yes," I said, "when prohibition went out I was out of a job, so I had to figure out something legitimate to do. I got to thinking and after a while I said, 'What are people more often than not? Bored, that's what.' Then I said, 'If a smart guy can invent something to cash in on the boredom, at a nickel a cashing,

(Concluded on page ii)

* *How to Make Friends and Influence People*, by Dale Carnegie.

"Oh, you brilliant young men!" Miss Avery said



STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 4

The MacLeods, who bear a sprig of juniper as their badge, originally used the dark green and blue tartan with yellow and red cross stripes now known as MacLeod of MacLeod. The brilliant yellow and black clan tartan of MacLeod of Raasay can claim an origin no earlier than the Vestiarium Scoticum. *In a letter of June 1st, 1829, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder wrote to Sir Walter Scott that the Carter-Allens, the "editors" of the* Vestiarium *had only then furnished MacLeod with the details of this tartan, having just performed a similar service for MacPherson of Cluny.*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Lying As a Fine Art

By V. S. Pritchett

No one can pick up a book by an Irishman without reflecting that the great contribution of this destructive race to civilisation is the fine art of lying. There are two Irish books beside me now, Lord Dunsany's and Dr. Gogarty's. In his youth and manhood, before he began to write, Lord Dunsany gave himself to an exercise which has been called by envious writers "the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable." Sometimes the excessively uneatable, according to an anecdote of his about a day with the Tara Harriers. A fox had been started in a laurel hedge, when Lord Dunsany came on the scene; it was soon reported by the Meath locals to be "a fine dog-fox going strong." At the end of twenty minutes' fast going they yelled encouragingly from gates that "the fox was beginning to tire"; and when only five of the field of sixty were left with the hounds, "all the reports that were shouted to me galloping by, told of a tired fox with his brush drooping and mud on it and the hounds very near him." After thirty-five minutes, "a beaten fox was spoken of, crawling into the wood with his tongue out of his mouth." Heroic and sympathetic imagination of the Irish countryman: there was no fox at all! It was a bottle of aniseed.

This story throws a light on the quality of a more impetuous Irishman than the Meath landlord, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty. His book, *I Follow St. Patrick* (Rich and Cowan; 16*s*.), is an attempt to get under the skin of history and to trace and follow the wanderings of the Welsh-born Irish Saint from the time when he was carried off from Cardiganshire by pirates. In the end, so much biography is just a bottle of aniseed. But in Dr. Gogarty's St. Patrick there is a good deal of the fine dog-fox. He tires, he goes to earth, but most of the time, vividly imagined, he is going strong. It is usual for Englishmen to complain that the Irish sense of the past is merely emotional when it is really devastatingly factual. Dr. Gogarty's oblique method does, for example, establish very clearly in terms of distance, politics, boats, weapons and men what that draughty period, when great gaps were appearing in the Roman Empire, felt like. All legend, saintly and mundane, is alive in Ireland, where people become myths in their own lifetime. A man on Croghan Hill, where the Saint's well is and where his knee-prints are beside it, remarked (with the usual political dig at Dublin): "He 's hard put to it now, keeping them in order." And Lynn Doyle, at Malahide, told of a fight between Irish soldiers in Shanghai because a man from Rush shouted to a man from Skerry, "Who ate the goat!"—a reference to a crime committed by their ancestors on a poor animal the Saint had set ashore to graze, in the early Christian era. The wanderings of Dr. Gogarty are, however, more interesting than the problematic story of the Saint who was considerably Irish in his inexplicitness.

Lord Elton

Lord Elton, historian, poet, National Labour peer, has written his autobiography, "Among Others," which is reviewed here. He was a great friend of Ramsay MacDonald, followed him out of the Labour Party in 1931, and is now writing his biography

It is the nature as it is the limitation of the Irish imagination that it is rhetorical. So many of the striking pieces of imagination in Lord Dunsany's plays and stories turn out to be figures of speech—an optical delusion caused by words. Many examples of this can be discovered in *Patches of Sunlight* (Heinemann; 15*s*.), an autobiography which tells one a good deal of how he came by his material. The tale of the *Madness of Andelsprutz*, inspired by seeing the statue of Strasbourg in Paris before the war, told "how the soul of a city, after waiting thirty years for deliverance from an invader, goes mad and leaves the city and goes away to a desolate place, where the souls of Camelot and all the dead cities come to comfort her." Lord Dunsany, like Turgenev, cuts the trim figure of the sportsman writer; but, unlike the Russian, is essentially the amateur. The most exacting day's sport was in what I take it must have been the Easter Rising, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. When his captor saw the bullet-hole in his prisoner's head, he said with awe, "I 'm sorry." One never yet met an Irishman at a loss.

Lord Elton's prejudices are less well-governed. In *Among Others* (Collins; 15*s*.), though accomplished and stimulating, he can also be distressingly smug and irritable. We are all inclined to idealise our childhood, to be tolerant of the inept heroics of our early youth and to be embarrassed by the past decade of our lives; and Lord Elton is obviously discomforted by his 1920's and has joined the fashion of abusing that period. This is the weak spot in his book, because he has thrown away a good subject to bad temper. It is the habit all over Europe, and most popular in Russia, Germany and Italy, to attack what are rather mysteriously called "the intellectuals" (Who are they?), and one does not like to see a man of Lord Elton's good sense letting some personal bitterness take him into that galley. The trouble springs partly, of course, from his natural English preference for the man of ideas who is also a man of action. He himself went from the tedious and sequestered firs of Hampshire to Rugby and the war, where he was taken prisoner at Kut. The appalling fate of the private soldier in that surrender, the Hampshire men who were left to starve and die in the desert, urged him into the Labour Party, and he stood by Mr. MacDonald in the split. There is some queer spooky stuff in the book which will interest the disciples of Mr. Dunne.

There are two outstanding novels this week: James Hanley's *The Hollow Sea* (John Lane; 10*s*. 6*d*.), a fine sombre and real study of a troopship's voyage during the war, and here again you have the Irish writer's instinct for adding a legendary quality to real men. To some extent they and the narrative become halted and stuck in their own ominousness, but there is no mistaking the sullen power of this book. René Béhaine's *The Survivors* (Allen and Unwin; 7*s*. 6*d*.) cannot be judged by itself, for it is the first of a series of pictures of a French aristocracy, transfixed and paralysed by their own traditions. One is reminded at once of the Flaubert of *St. Julien*; M. Béhaine's is one of those quick, lucid and meticulous pictures of life. There is a monotony, rather much of the essay and too little of variety of character in this first volume, but its quality will make one look for its successors.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

An excellent excuse for a new dress is the Eton and Harrow match next month, which has often been compared to a large garden-party. It is certainly a gathering of the young, and provided the sun shines picture frocks will be in the majority. The model on the right would be ideal for the occasion as it retains a certain sophistication which distinguishes it from the average full-skirted dress. It is made in real Nottingham lace mounted on a crêpe slip, and is obtainable in many lovely colours as well as white. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing it in their Debutante Dress Department, and it only costs seventy shillings, which is almost unbelievable. Without the bolero, the dress is perfect for dances, particularly with the addition of a spray of "Mayfair" flowers. Those, however, who do not look their best in trailing skirts, may prefer a more tailored two-piece consisting of a printed crêpe de Chine dress with a very vivid design, accompanied by a plain black chiffon edge-to-edge coat. The model is, of course, street length, and only costs seventy shillings

Felts are well to the fore in the mid-season collections, and it seems that they are no longer regarded as only suitable for autumn wear. Many are almost feather-weight, which makes them perfect for cloudy summer days. Crowns appear to be rising, and some grow narrower towards the top. Brims sweep forwards as well as upwards, and there are several new versions of the Breton sailor. One model with a wide upturned brim is enhanced by black and white spotted veiling which covers the face and ties in a bow at the back. Fine glove kid is also used for small turbans and pill-box shapes. A distinctly Oriental effect is achieved by a shallow black kid cap, swathed in emerald-green chiffon, the ends of which are knotted at the back. Light-weight pastel felts are shown with country tweeds. Some are designed on the lines of a man's Homburg, while others have wide brims like a cowboy's sombrero. Side by side with these may be seen attractive new straws. Hats with high crowns are usually trimmed either with veiling or petersham, while others with flat crowns may be enlivened by coloured birds, butterflies or fruit

Wear a White Hat

trimmed with flowers or veiling

The hats which appeared at Ascot this year proved once and for all that anything and everything is fashionable. The main thing is to choose something which is both smart and becoming, and so often one effect is achieved without the other. White is very fashionable this summer, in petersham and straw, and the trio on this page come from Gorringe's in Buckingham Palace Road. The model at the top of the page on the left is a mixture between a man's Homburg and a sola topi. It is in white paper panama trimmed with petersham, and has a high, sloping crown, creased along the top. Coarse silk fish net falls from the brim, veiling the face completely. Below is a shallow, though fairly shady, saucer which perches at a precarious angle and is quite enchanting with summer prints. The straw is fancy Manila, and the flowers mixed zinnias in pastel shades. Edwardian fashions are recalled by the sailor at the bottom of the page on the right. This is also in white petersham trimmed with gardenias, and masses of very fine dark blue veiling. Touches of bright colour relieve the simplicity of many hats this season, and rainbow veiling, either checked like tartan or sprinkled with confetti spots, adds the right note of frivolity

Scott Bushe

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by Peta, pictured by Pam

Costume jewellery is still the rage, and Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are showing a collection of attractive necklaces to wear with summer frocks. The one sketched above is in blue and gold lacquered straw with a large bunch of currants across the front. It costs 17s. 6d. and is also obtainable in white with gold

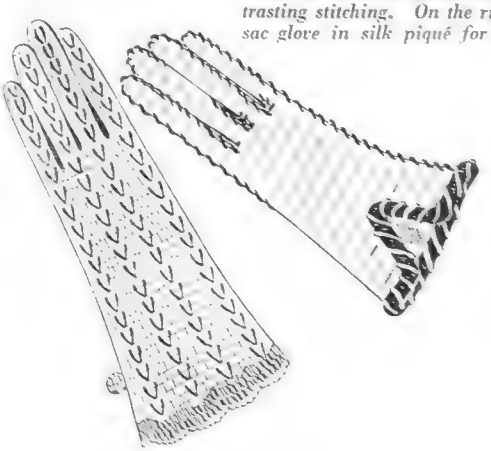
Here is another charming necklace of a rather more formal type. It is obtainable in either chromium or gilt, set with imitation turquoise matrix, and is particularly becoming worn with white or pastel colours. The design is bold and distinctive, and it costs 45s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones

There is often much heart-burning among bridesmaids when it comes to the question of head-dresses, but here is a suggestion from Waring and Gillow, Oxford St. Both the bonnet and muff are in taffeta trimmed with bunches of contrasting flowers. They can be made in any colour to match the dress, and are quite inexpensive

An air of luxury distinguishes the black suède bag on the right, gleaming with marcasite and the owner's initials. It is accompanied by a belt which would add distinction to the simplest frock, and comes from Jay's, Regent Street, who specialise in smart accessories

The bag on the left is an attractive alternative to the one above, and also comes from Jay's. It is made of soft black suède mounted on a gilt frame with a large bunch of grapes and gold vine-leaves. The price is seventy-five shillings, and there is a belt which carries out the same design

Unusual gloves are being worn this summer, and sketched below are two designs from Waring and Gillow. The pair on the left are hand-crocheted and cost 6s. 11d. They are delightfully cool and are made in several colours with contrasting stitching. On the right is a sac glove in silk piqué for 3s. 11d.



Golf Clubs at Home

Sand Moor, Leeds

Sand Moor (where the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes were played this year) is one of the several excellent courses near Leeds in Yorkshire. Although it is (on the Leeds-Harrogate road) only 4½ miles from the centre of the town, it has a great feeling of spaciousness and pleasant views. Miss Helme wrote: "A short drive or a topped one, or even a crooked one, may not land in immediate trouble; but only a long one, to the exactly intended spot, is going to make access to the green probable, or even possible, with the next shot." The excellent layout was designed by the Club's professional, N. Barnes, and there is a splendid variety of character about the holes. Length, 6400 yards

A View of the Club-house

(1) W. Powner (director and ex-captain). (2) S. Kershaw (member of council). (3) R. S. Moon (director). (4) W. H. Turner (president). (5) F. Snape (chairman, green committee). (6) Professor D. McCandlish (vice-chairman), and A. E. Harrison (chairman, house committee). (7) H. Barker (hon. sec.), and N. Barnes (professional). (8) J. R. Acfield. (9) W. J. Guild

This England . . .

Beacon at Burton Dassett, Warwickshire

SIT you awhile upon a beacon hill (they are not hard to find in England), and let the fore time steal upon you. What news, sudden, dramatic, went flaring starward from this place, bringing joy or grim resolution to stately hall or hidden cot? The Armada of course; "All night from tower to tower they sprang," to tell us that our England was beset, and send the militia of the midlands swarming south. And Edgehill: from here first went the news of that sad day across the "plain champain" of southern Warwickshire. And so as you descend, reflecting that if our forbears had no telegraph they had much good sense, another beacon shall "beckon" to you. For now is time and mood for a golden Worthington—as old, as English, and as commonsensical as the tower and cresset you have left.

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Their First Wimbledon

Antonio Procopio

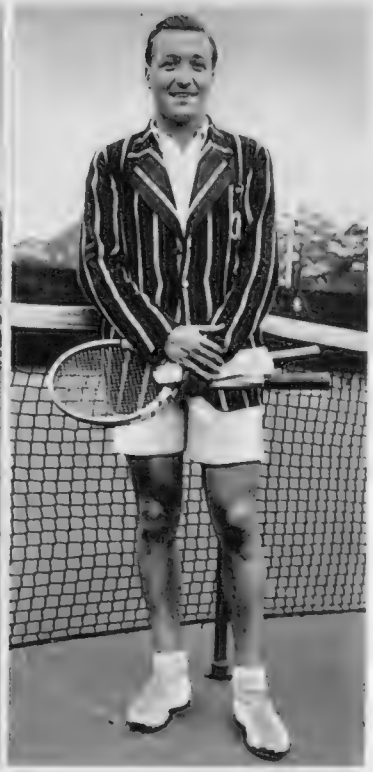
The tiny champion of Brazil first beat L. de Borman, the Belgian, then S. Harreguy, the nominated Uraguayan. Against Mitic of Yugoslavia, in the third round, his joyful dashes and flashes won him a set, but he lost the next three

Ghaus Mohammed

The Lucknow player made his Wimbledon debut by beating the Dutchman, R. de Brauw, and then defeated H. Bolelli, of France, in a shower of rain. In his third match with Czechoslovakian F. Cejnar, he lost in three fighting sets

O. Szigeti

Another champion who played at Wimbledon for the first time this year was the Hungarian Szigeti, but he did not survive the first round, losing to G. R. B. Meredith, of Great Britain, in a five-set match



Rolf Göpfert

Germany's seventh ranked player beat R. Singh (India) in his first match, C. N. O. Ritchie (G.B.) in his second, and met J. S. Olliff in his third. The nominated British player's strokes and tactics only allowed him to win one set in four

J. Drobny

The seventeen-year-old Czechoslovakian boy had never played on grass before. He has beaten Henkel, but in his first Wimbledon match was knocked out by A. D. Russell, the Argentine, in five long sets

Dewar Brown

The third champion on the page who is also a newcomer is Dewar Brown, of New Zealand, but in his first round H. G. N. Lee, of Great Britain, was too good for him by 3 sets to 1

Owen Anderson

This ranked American from Hollywood made his first European trip to beat an Australian, H. A. Coldham, and a Hungarian newcomer, M. Csikos. His third match, with F. Puncec, of Yugoslavia, was a tremendous battle, but he lost

Dragotin Mitic

The third ranked Yugoslavian, a "seeded" newcomer, aged nineteen, won typically defensive victories over Australian M. G. Weston and Argentine A. D. Russell, then met the Brazilian champion and beat him to reach the last sixteen

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C.F.H.

Summer Sport: By Howard Marshall

As I write, the weather really is a little oppressive—working up for thunderstorms during the second Test Match, I dare say. It 's pleasant, at any rate, to think of Henley and punts on the river and the admirable pastime of watching other people working their hearts out.

Henley begins to-day—in the sunshine, let us hope—and there should be some magnificent racing. The Grand promises to be a tremendous affair and I have an idea that we may see records broken.

The Trinity crew, for example, who were Head in the Oxford Eights, is a superb boat, with a very good chance of winning. Against them, of the known quantities they have Jesus, who have been Head Boat at Cambridge for the last four years; and Trinity Hall should not be out of the running.

Again, as far as the crews from the Universities are concerned, I suppose it will be a matter of Oxford orthodoxy against Cambridge theory; and the pundits will have a good deal to say at the end of it all.

As a hot-weather subject, wrestling is perhaps a little uncomfortable. And it was on a steaming afternoon last week that I watched enormous men hurling one another about in a catch-as-catch-can exhibition.

It was exhausting to see them, but extremely interesting; for this was the first step in a movement to revive catch-as-catch-can wrestling in this country.

There have, of late years, been many attempts to establish new forms of sport over here. But this is one of the very few which seem to me wholly justified.

Catch-as-catch-can began in Lancashire and has since spread all over the world. It embodies the finest points of every style of wrestling, from jujitsu to the Greco-Roman; and there is a good deal to be said for the claim that it is the oldest and most scientific of sports.

Certainly it is unexpectedly quick-moving and exciting, even for the ignorant spectator, as Earl McCready and Louis Pergantis proved to me in their bout.

McCready weighs close on eighteen stone and is the fastest big man I have ever seen.

This wrestling is not a racket and there is to be a big show at the Albert Hall on July 21st, which you may find well worth attending.

Wimbledon, in the meanwhile, has very nearly run its course, and I take it that Donald Budge will be forging ahead to the final of the Men's Singles. This is perhaps rather a rash assumption, judging by the shocks we had in the early stages, particularly when H. W. Austin was pressed so hard by E. J. Filby on the opening day.

As a matter of fact, that match was extremely encouraging and went some way towards justifying the prognostication of Fred Perry, who said, when he turned professional, that within three years Filby would be the greatest British player.

Filby is trying himself out thoroughly this summer and it depends upon his progress whether he will continue to take the game seriously. He should, at any rate, be given every encouragement by the lawn tennis authorities, for of all our young players he seems to have the qualities most necessary to the making of a champion.

Cricket, when you read this, will once more be in a state of anticlimax. For good or ill we shall have faced Australia at Lord's, and it would be highly unwise to assume anything about the result.

Whatever may happen, though, I hope our Selectors are firmly resolved to persevere with their youngsters. I should like to see Hutton, Edrich, Compton and Wright told that, provided they were fit, they would be picked for all five Tests, even if they were unlucky at Lord's or Manchester.

That, I am sure, would be the Australian policy—and a very wise one at that.

We have excellent hopes of regaining the Ashes this summer. But, if we fail, one thing is certain: our young players should go to Australia in 1940 with the greatest hopes of success.

***Major J. C. Friedberger,** of the Royal Horse Artillery, won the King George V. Challenge Trophy at Olympia last Tuesday with Derek, beating Captain Bizard, last year's winner, in the jump-off when he made a second clean round. He rode two more faultless rounds in the Edward Prince of Wales Cup, which Britain won*

I have been asked to say, incidentally, that the Hawks Club, Cambridge, are holding their first annual dinner at Grosvenor House on Tuesday, July 5th, which is the third evening of the 'Varsity Match.

This seems a very appropriate occasion; and it is rather odd that, since the Club was founded in 1872, there has never been a function at which members could re-unite.

Mr. J. E. Greenwood will preside and there should be a great gathering.

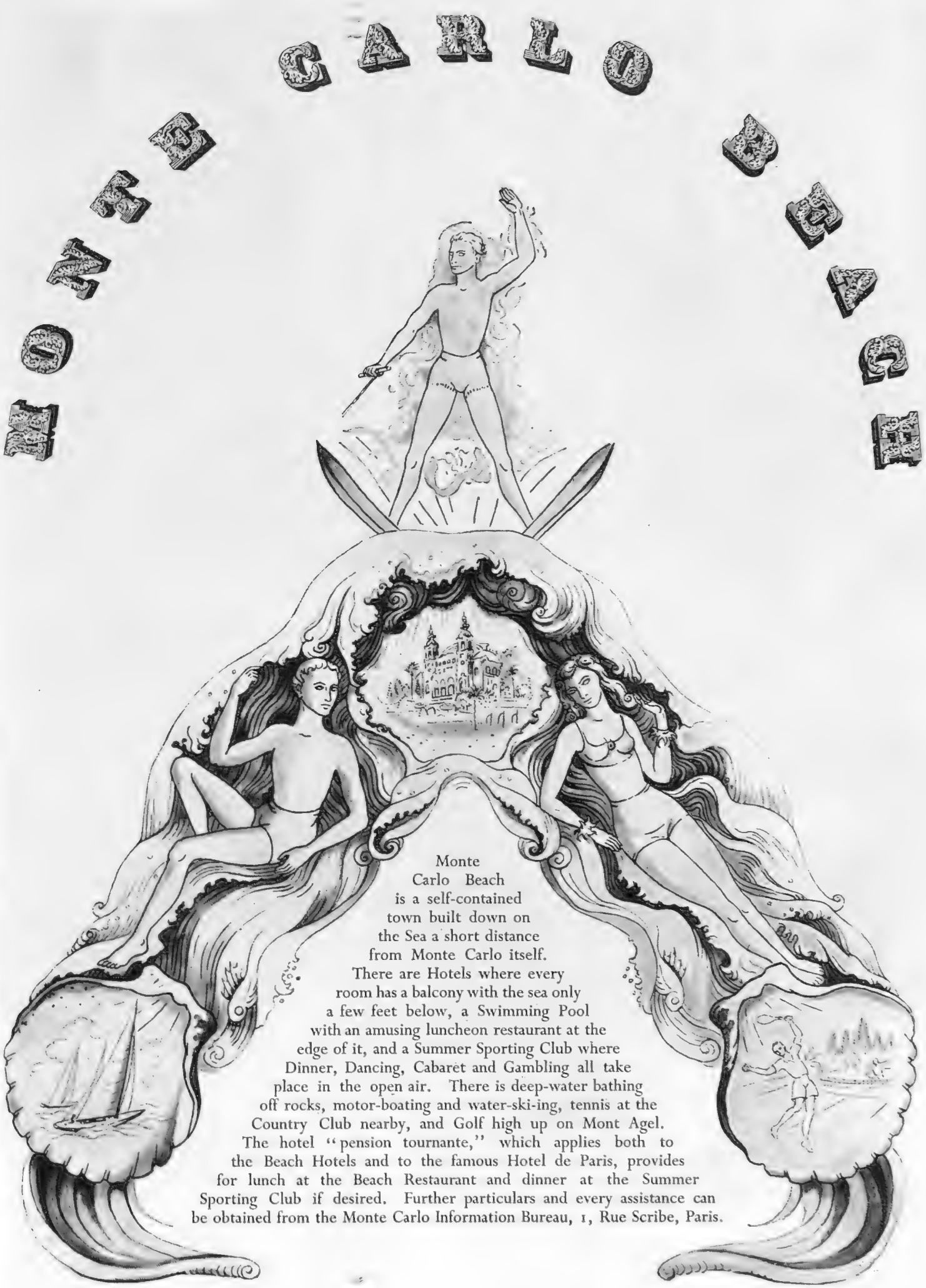
P.S.—The news of Joe Louis' smashing defeat of Max Schmeling has just come over the wire. It seems to prove once more that they never come back.

Expert opinion before the fight favoured the young negro; but very few people believed that he would win so decisively or quickly. It is difficult to see who will take his title from him for some time to come.

***Oxford Captain:** John H. Grover, Winchester and Brasenose, will lead the Oxford cricket team against Cambridge at Lord's next Saturday. He made a sound fifty against Sussex last week before being stumped by Eaton*

***Cambridge Captain:** Norman W. D. Yardley, St. Peter's, York, and St. John's, is a triple Blue. He was England's twelfth man in the Test match at Trent Bridge, but is not playing at Lord's*

***The Eton Ramblers** were the guests of Lord Cowdray at Cowdray Park when they played against Midhurst Cricket Club. They are: (l. to r., back row) the Hon. David Brand, the Hon. John Coventry, E. T. Baring, Lord Cowdray, the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, George Newman; (l. to r., sitting) G. H. M. Cartright, the Hon. Robin Gurdon, Captain C. Smith Bingham; (l. to r., sitting on ground) R. H. Cobbold and W. Whillwood*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Bigger and Better R.A.F.

By Charles Ward

Wanted—More Pilots

EXPANSION succeeds expansion and the R.A.F. will need more than 31,000 recruits for the scheme to be put into force this year. Pilots are required to the number of 2100; air gunners and observers, 550; boys to be trained as mechanics, 3000; men of many different trades, 26,000. Full details of any particular grade can be obtained from the Air Ministry. The main attraction is the flying side, for tuition up to the highest possible standard is free and an interesting career comes into view when the period of service is over. The most powerful Air Force in the world is being created to prevent war, but during peace-time the R.A.F. has many duties to perform that may involve active service. The recent campaign on the N.W. Frontier which ended in December last, is an example. The R.A.F. carried out 3250 hours' flying over the sun-scorched plains and icy mountains of Waziristan. Not the least successful part of modern air operation is the rapid transfer of stores and personnel from the base to advanced posts. Flight Lt. G. E. Jackson was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for carrying and dropping four loads of ammunition to a post surrounded by the enemy. This work involved low flying under heavy fire from the ground.

A Squadron Reunion

THE photograph published on this page of No. 72 Squadron was taken at Birmingham just after the unit had re-formed. The Commander-in-Chief, Northern Command, was presenting the Squadron Badge, and the Squadron Leader had the happy thought of inviting to the ceremony some of the original pilots who served in Mesopotamia during 1918. Many of them have since attained positions of distinction. Mr. G. M. Lees, D.F.C., third from the left, is geophysicist to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, D.F.C., in his capacity as managing-director of Wolseley Motors, has an intimate connection with production for the R.A.F. Air Vice-Marshal O. T. Boyd, now Director of Personnel at the Air Ministry, was in command of No. 72 Squadron during the last war. Colonel G. Fanshawe, third from the right, commands the Bays at Tidworth.

With No. 615 at Kenley

THE first of the Auxiliary Squadrons to undertake co-operation with the Army is No. 615, which was formed under Squadron Leader A. V. Harvey at Kenley in June of last year. Rapid progress has been made during the first twelve months. The Squadron is equipped with nine Hawker "Hectors" and, in addition, there are two "Harts" and four Avro "Tutors" for training new officers as they join. The Squadron is not yet at full strength. At least twelve commissions are available to suitable candidates between eighteen and thirty years of age. Service is for five years, during which time £25 a year is paid as a retainer, one shilling an hour for attendance, full pay at Service rates whilst in camp and all travelling expenses. This year's summer camp is being held at Thorney Island during August. Officers are expected to attend three week-ends a month and two evenings a week at Kenley. Town headquarters are being formed in Croydon, as the unit is the County of Surrey Squadron, and Croydon is within easy distance of Kenley. In April the Squadron headed the list of Auxiliaries in the number of flying hours for the month, a very fine performance, considering that it is not yet up to strength. Co-operation with the Army has been carried out on several occasions this year.

No. 615 County of Surrey Squadron is the first Army Co-operation unit in the Auxiliary Air Force. It is equipped with the Hawker "Hector" and the engine is a Napier "Dagger" of 800 horse-power. Squadron headquarters are at Kenley

Flying for the King's Cup

ON Saturday next, July 2nd, the first competitor for the King's Cup will take off from Hatfield at 9 a.m., and there will be flying to watch throughout the day until 5 o'clock, when the winner is expected to cross the line. No aircraft may land at Hatfield after 8.30 a.m. Visitors arriving later by air must use Radlett, the Handley Page testing ground, which is five miles to the south-west. The intervals between each five laps of the 50-mile course have been increased from 30 to 40 minutes. Flight Lt. Christopher Staniland is flying the only "Comet" in the race, and his co-pilot is Captain J. G. Hopcraft. Otherwise there have been no other changes at the time of going to press. Last year there were flying events to while away the afternoon, but on Saturday the excitement will be maintained by the race itself, as a continuous stream of 'planes will be rounding the Hatfield pylon all day. The climax will occur during the last hour, sufficient time for the fastest entry to complete the final lap. Last year, Charles Gardner won for the second time, his speed on the "Mew Gull" being 233·75 miles an hour. The "Mew Gulls" are the fastest entries this year, but the handicap will be severe and a slower entry may win. Captain W. L. Hope, who has won the Cup three times, is flying a Comper "Swift." In 1932 he defeated the handicapper with a Fox "Moth" that proved 14 miles an hour faster than it should have been. Can he repeat this performance? Sir Kingsley Wood will present the Cup after spending the early part of the afternoon at the R.A.F. Garden Party.

Historical Data

THE programme always contains a record of the race, but a few notes may be of interest in advance. The event was started and finished at Croydon in 1922, the first year in which it was held. The late Captain F. L. Barnard, who became chief pilot to Imperial Airways, completed a circuit of Britain at 120 miles an hour, flying a war-time de H.4 with a Rolls-Royce engine. In 1923 Frank Courtney won at 149 miles an hour, a speed which was not passed till 1929, when Atcherly and Stainforth put it up to 150 m.p.h. with a Gloster "Grebe." In 1935, another jump in winning speed occurred; "Tommy" Rose put it up to 176 miles an hour with a Miles "Falcon." The Cup has been won once by a woman pilot, Miss Winifred Brown, who flew a Cirrus "Avian."

Squadron Leader Rogers, in command of 72 Fighter Squadron, with some of the veterans who fought in that unit during the last war. Mr. R. P. P. Pope, senior instructor A.S.T., is second from the left, Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, D.F.C., managing-director of Wolseley Motors, Birmingham, fifth from the left, Air Vice-Marshal O. T. Boyd, centre, with Captain A. G. Lamplugh, of Lloyd's, next

The beauty of Padmini brought destruction to her beloved city....to-day Chitor lies silent and deserted, the jungle has conquered all.

Ala-ud-din, the Afghan conqueror, desired the beautiful Padmini, a queen of Chitor with skin so delicate that it was said food could be seen as it slipped down her throat. He laid siege to the great Rajput city, proud and secure on its hilltop, and by treachery captured Padmini's husband so that he might demand her in return. She arrived with pomp, seven hundred hooded palanquins bearing the ladies of her retinue; but when Ala-ud-din came gleefully to interrupt husband and wife's parting embrace, out of the palanquins sprang seven hundred Rajput swordsmen who cut a way for Padmini through the Afghan's camp. Ala-ud-din took his vengeance upon Chitor; he found it a noble city and left it a hilltop tomb .... empty as you will find it to-day, with the jungle creeping up the steep slopes into fair palaces and pleasant gardens where once lived the great Rajputs, proudest of India's proud races.

Wherever you go in India .... Chitor, Fatepur Sikri, Delhi .... this land's fantastic history forms an unforgettable background to your holiday, stirring the imagination and adding a new appreciation for the twentieth-century comforts you will enjoy in hotels, in sport and in your travels.

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Keymer

The Midland Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

HENRY THE EIGHTH really was a wise monarch as well as a merry one. His connection with women's golf may appear remote, but all good Brummegems know that he, before the days of town-planning and open spaces and green belts, gave the land of Sutton Park, at Streetly, outside Sutton Coldfield, to some pet crony of his under such conditions that it has remained a public open space ever since, and must remain so. Therefore the great wide heath can be used for golf, though the club-house must be built the other side of the road, and a delightful course it made for the Midland Championship.

IT seems to me it was a really great performance of Miss Enid Pears to win again, far greater than getting it for a first time last year, because a holder is always in the hardest position. Then, for another thing, after a comparatively easy time of it in the first three rounds, when longer players than she destroyed themselves for her benefit, she found herself up against Mrs. Sparrow from Seacroft. Now Mrs. Sparrow plays almost precisely the same game as Miss Pears herself—that is to say, deadly straight and accurate, and reliability itself over the putts of all lengths, particularly those of about eight feet which the good chipper so often has to hole. Miss Pears took one more to get out in the final than she had done in any other round—that is to say, she was 39. Mrs. Sparrow was 37. Moreover, Miss Pears had missed a couple of holeable putts, and was two down. It rather seemed as if she found it harder, having outdriven Mrs. Sparrow by a yard or two, to play the like to a second which was already in the heart of the green than to put one there herself with the opponent ten, twenty, thirty yards ahead waiting to play the like.

Mrs. Sparrow putted the better; for the first eleven holes she was quite definitely top dog; then Miss Pears cheered herself up with a long putt, and—hey presto!—it was she who was two up, with only two more to play. Then she bunkered herself and took two to get out, and Mrs. Sparrow sank a long putt for a birdie 3 at the eighteenth to square it, and another good one to halve the nineteenth. Then there happened as cruel a bit of ill-luck as you might see in many a long summer's day. Mrs. Sparrow, having put her tee shot within two feet of the twentieth, suddenly became the object of attention by a buzzing fly. Having settled herself to putt, she stopped and semi-swotted it: it returned to the charge; again she stopped, and when at last she did putt, she not unnaturally missed the hole. That was a half, and Miss Pears settled matters with a lovely run-up at the twenty-first. I am sure that one may watch many Midland and other Championships without seeing a better display of pluck on the part of both winner and loser, or such bad luck as to be thwarted by a fly with victory within twenty-four inches.

SPECULATION wonders whether Miss Pears might have disregarded the fly and holed the putt if positions had been reversed. In the morning, when an aeroplane circled annoyingly low, somebody asked her if it had worried her, and answer came there back, "What aeroplane?"—surely a 1938 edition of Joyce Wethered's train in her first championship. At all events, the crowd clapped Miss Pears and Mrs. Sparrow with equal vigour, and only wished that both could have won.

Mrs. Crompton was determined to put the Midlands on the map by a championship worthy of the name: what that district owes to her initiative and energy would take too long to tell here, but the excellence of the meeting was no doubt her best reward.

THE semi-finalists, Mrs. Challen and Miss May Evershed, both had the satisfaction of losing only to good golf: Miss Pears touched high-water mark with 36 out against the one, and Mrs. Sparrow was 37 against the other. And both of them could comfort themselves with the good scalps to their credit—Miss Joy Winn to Mrs. Challen's, and Miss Madeline Fyshe to Miss Evershed. As for Miss Pears, in each of two rounds she beat a former holder, Miss Bentley, and Mrs. Eric Fiddian; Mrs. Sparrow, by beating Miss Joan Hives, has, in all probability, beaten a future one. That young golfer's fine style ought to take her far, and is one more argument for the good training of the Girls' Championship. If any further were needed, one might remember that Miss Enid Pears was runner-up in it, and that her victor in that was Miss Jessie Anderson, who has now at last added Scottish champion to her titles of Girls', New Zealand, and Open.

EVEN the interest of the play at Sutton Coldfield could not keep me from turning an envious thought now and again to Nairn and the Scottish Championship: it would have been such fun to see Miss Anderson and Mrs. Holm battling out the final against each other to the last green. It reads as if Miss Anderson had tuned-up at the right moment and caught Mrs. Holm a trifle stale. At all events, two up in Miss Anderson's favour was exciting enough for the most sensational.

The Midland Championship

The sixteen qualifiers at Sutton Coldfield were (standing) Miss Bentley, Mrs. Eric Fiddian, Miss Hives, Miss Evershed, Mrs. Kerslake, Mrs. Challen, Mrs. Parkes, Mrs. Granger, Miss Winn; (sitting) Mrs. Lytton Baker, Miss Madeline Fyshe (her 74 was the best qualifying round), Miss Enid Pears, holder and winner, Miss Aline Dobson, Mrs. Sparrow, runner-up, Miss Gwen Watts; and Mrs. Hampson, who missed the photograph

"Bystander" Girls' Championship
and
Ranelagh and Roehampton Foursomes

Entry Forms will appear in the issue of July 20th.

The Calcot Golf Club Open Meeting

Miss B. Mosses won the Silver Division with a return of 76

Miss Mervyn Barton and John Greenly won the Scratch Prize

Miss Anne Krabbé won the Open Flag Foursomes (with Mrs. C. K. Harris)

KIA-ORA

At Lords, as at all Social gatherings, there is one certain way of meeting the request for a cool, delicious and eminently refreshing drink.

For an appetiser—mix a "GINORA"—
Short Drink, ½ KIA-ORA ORANGE, ½ Gin; shake; serve cold.
For a long drink—add soda.

Don't Do Me Any Little Favours *(Continued from page 514)*

he could clean up,' and sure enough I did. I cleaned up a small fortune before they sent me to San Quentin."

"For making pin games?" he said.

"No," I said. "One thing led to another. I did a few other things too."

"But, of course, you 're not really a criminal," he offered sympathetically. I could see him running through the book, trying to find the place that would help him with a friend from San Quentin.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Just as much a criminal as any of the other boys up there. I 'm not there now, though, I notice." (I looked around for the law, kind of challenging the law to get me.) "I bribed my way out. I was only there a year and a month. I was sentenced to from twenty years to life. That gave me a big laugh."

"Well," he said. "You certainly don't look any worse for the experience. You certainly look all right. You look as if you 're in the very best of health. I don't see why anybody has to go to jail for making pin games."

"It wasn't for making pin games," I said. "It would take me at least three hours to explain just what happened. After the trial I myself didn't know for sure. All I know is they claimed I killed three people."

"They were probably trying to frame you," he said.

"No," I said, "I confessed and everything, but my lawyer got to talking to me and the first thing I knew I denied everything. Nobody knows who killed them now, not even me."

"Well," he said, "I guess they were the kind of people who are better off dead. Like Dillinger."

"These weren't guys like Dillinger," I said. (The more ridiculous the story got the more I tried to let him know I was only having fun, but he didn't get it.) "These were just ordinary people," I said. "Taxpayers. They had jobs in the bank; but I 'd rather not go into detail. After the trial I 've never been able to understand exactly what happened."

"Well," he said, "I didn't mean to bring up something unpleasant. Are you back in the pin game again?"

"No," I said. "Ever since I got out I 've been kind of just taking things easy on the money. I don't have to work any more as long as I live."

"You 're certainly lucky," he said, "to have all that money."

"It isn't much," I said. "The doctors don't give me more than a year to live. I 've got a little over six hundred dollars."

He became sincerely sympathetic about this, and genuinely bewildered. For a moment I watched him trying to imagine what he ought to say next. At last he said cheerfully, "It 's not how long you live, so much; it 's what you do."

"It certainly is," I said. "Sometimes I cry, but usually I don't mind. After all, what is life?"

For a moment he seemed to wonder what, after all, life is. He must have dismissed six or seven platitudes on the subject before he spoke again.

"Life is," he began to say.

Miss Avery, whose party it was, joined us at this point, and took over the situation.

"You two," she said. "I 've been noticing you out of the corner of my eye. Away over to one side, philosophising about life and everything. Come along, now."

She took the young man's arm and said, "I 'm sorry to drive you back to the fold, but back you go."

The young man turned away and melted into the central group of revellers, as they are sometimes termed.

Miss Avery looked down on me like a beautiful mother on her nasty, unfriendly little son. Then she came out of her trance, remembering the young man who 'd read the book.

"He 's so brilliant, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," I said.

"What in the world have you two been talking about all this time?" she said.

"He 's been telling me about recent advances in the control and elevation of mass behaviour," I said.

"Oh, you brilliant young men!" Miss Avery said. "Come along, now; you must meet everybody."

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Le Mans results make us sigh for the good old days of the "Bentley Boys," when Great Britain was invincible in this most gruelling of long-distance races. The lone H.R.G. and Morgan entries put up a wonderfully plucky show, and undoubtedly the other British competitors this year were dogged by misfortune; but I still think that the result shows the crass folly of entering for an international event of the first importance against State-subsidised rivals without taking the whole job at least as seriously as the other contenders.

Incidentally, Radio Normandie came rather badly unstuck over their running commentary of the race. To begin with, the Sunday morning period had to be abandoned on account of some technical hitch, and then, when the afternoon session came on, commentator Bob Walker made about the worst *faux pas* I have ever heard over the air. Referring to Biondetti's "crash," he described in blood-curdling terms how the driver's wrist and ankle and hip were smashed and how, despite the agony he was enduring, this heroic driver dragged himself back into the damaged car and actually drove it for another three laps before having to give up. He then went on to give us a thrilling word-picture of the frenzied ovation accorded Biondetti by the crowd in recognition of this most amazingly brave performance.

Later, Mr. Walker had to apologise to his listeners. What actually happened was that the car slid broadside when a tyre burst. Biondetti was quite uninjured, the smashed wrist and ankle and hip being ancient scars of honour received many years ago. Doubtless, however, friends and relations of Biondetti's listening-in to the commentary must have been greatly alarmed by this commentator's "flight into the Elysium—without wings"!

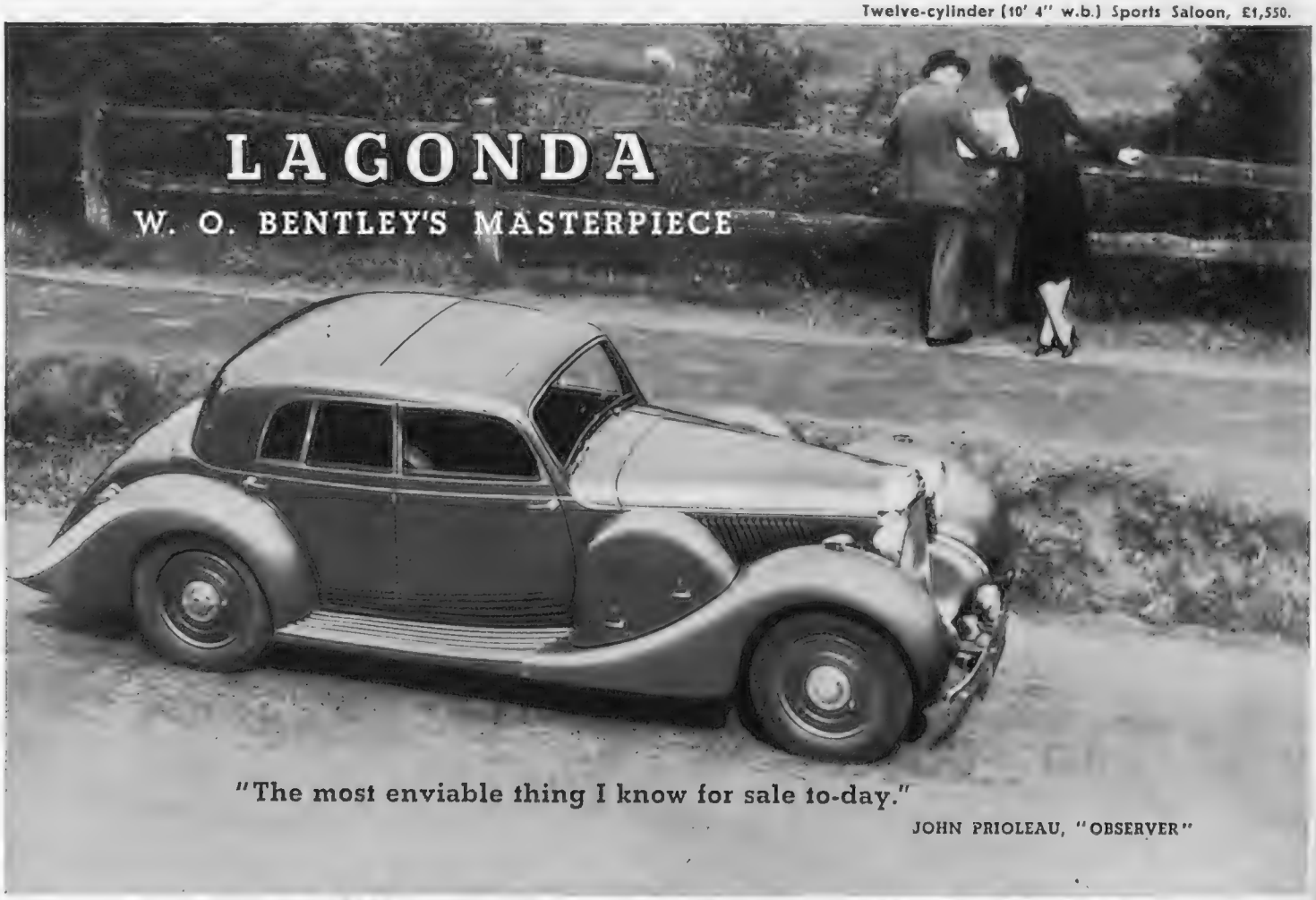
Winners of the Le Mans Grand Prix

Chaboud and Tremoulet, in a Delahaye, won the 24-hours' race at Le Mans, covering the course, about 1976·5 miles, at an average of 82·5 m.p.h.

A TEAM consisting of three R.A.C. Guides has been entered in the International Six Days' Trial, which takes place in Wales on July 11th-16th next. The principal object of the entry is to compete for the Adolf Huhnlein Trophy, which is confined to recognised organisations such as a club, regiment, police division, etc., and for which teams representing the British and German armies have also entered. The men comprising the team have been selected from

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Twelve-cylinder (10' 4" w.b.) Sports Saloon, £1,550.



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Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

The photograph of the start at Le Mans shows three Talbots, 5, 4, and 6, of which No. 5, driven by Prenant and Morel, came in third

the R.A.C. road staff. They will wear their uniforms for the Trial and will, of course, be riding British machines.

This is the first occasion on which the R.A.C. has sponsored an entry in a purely motor-cycle trial, and in doing so now it demonstrates its belief in the motor-cycle as almost the ideal vehicle for military, police and similar purposes.

FOLLOWING upon my recent notes regarding the participation by Army motor-cyclists in reliability trials and other sporting competitions, comes the news that British motor-cycle manufacturers are receiving many inquiries from foreign governments for military machines. A typical request is one received by a Birmingham firm, who are asked by a Near Eastern Power to submit their catalogue of "armoured motor-cycles." This and similar inquiries have placed British makers in a quandary, for, whilst they are quite sure they could build military machines better than any other nation, nobody appears to know just what *is* an armoured motor-cycle! Is the engine to be protected or the rider, or both, or, alternatively, does it mean that the machine is to be armed with a gun? Up to the present, the only protective measure which has been taken on Army machines is the fitting of a light steel wind-shield, whilst some side-car combinations carry a rifle in clips.

Although prepared to follow specifications, this Midlands concern believes that the motor-cycle's chief use in war should be for the fast transport of messages and light loads of ammunition. A side-car machine, properly designed for travelling over broken ground and with a crew of two or three, can be man-handled and driven anywhere at a speed far in excess of anything possible with a heavy tractor or a tank-type vehicle.

EVIDENCE of the real interest that is taken in long-distance motoring is to be found in the increasing popularity of such events as the Monte Carlo and the R.A.C. and Scottish and Welsh Rallies; but here are advance details of the greatest rally of all—a motor tour round the world.

The object of this event, which is being organised by the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs, is to encourage and develop international motor touring. Three alternatives have been planned:

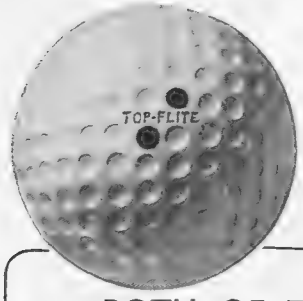
A. A rally to Calcutta, the return to Europe being made by car from Calcutta to Bombay and by sea from Bombay to Marseilles, Genoa or Trieste.

B. The same trip as above as far as Calcutta, then on to Saigon. From Saigon, participants may either return direct to Europe by sea or visit the Dutch East Indies, returning from Batavia to Marseilles by sea.

C. As above to Saigon and then round the world, the return to Europe being made through Japan and the United States.

The general start will be from Beyrouth on November 12th, 1938, and participants will be back in Europe between the beginning of January and the end of March, 1939, according to the itinerary they take. Private cars only are eligible, and entrants must be members of a National Automobile Club or an affiliated club. Full particulars and entry forms can be obtained from the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

The TOP-FLITE BALL *played by* The TOP-FLIGHT GOLFER



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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Artisans versus Golf Captains

An interesting match was played at Sunningdale on the Old and the other course about the middle of the month between the Artisan Golfers' Association and the Society of London Golf Captains. It is not apparently generally known that skill at the game is not an essential qualification for the post of captain of a golf club. But what captains of golf clubs lack in golfing skill they can usually make up for by seeing that they are allocated satisfactory handicaps; consequently, in matches like this, which are played under handicap, they are difficult men to beat.

The Artisans' Association won comfortably by 11 matches to 6, with four matches halved. There was little doubt in my mind that the artisans looked the better golfers, and they are by no means less efficient in seeing that they are handicapped in such a way that they have a chance of success on any course against any opponents. The good golf produced by the artisans showed very clearly what strides artisan golf generally has made in recent years. Shortly after the war twenty-four artisan golf clubs formed the Artisan Golfers' Association; now the clubs which belong to this association number nearly 200, and between them possess over 10,000 members.

Almost interesting match was the single between Sir Edward Campbell, the captain of the Captains, and John Henry Taylor, who at one time used to play for the Northam Artisans on the links of the Royal North Devon G.C. at Westward Ho! Taylor, who has probably done more than any other man to forward the interests of artisan golfers, had to concede Sir Edward ten strokes; the latter holed the Old Course in approximately 82 strokes by holing a good putt on the last green, but this score proved one too many, as it enabled him to only halve his match. John Henry, in fun, expressed the opinion that Sir Edward was well in with a handicap of 14. I do not know what handicap John Henry elected to play off, but I do not think that he stinted himself to any great extent. Of course, if you are a Wrangler you can work it out from the information which I have already given you.

His friendly complaint is very similar to the case of Jones, handicap 14, who just beat Smith, handicap 14. When asked how his match had gone, Jones, with indignation, replied: "That man Smith is a most awful swindler playing off fourteen. I had to do a seventy-four to beat him!" Apparently, Taylor had to beat the standard scratch score by about four shots to halve with Sir Edward. J. H. still plays many magnificent shots, and plays them as if hitting the golf ball was the easiest thing in the world.

In this match I myself got badly beaten by J. Hawkins, a chauffeur from Maidenhead, who drove exceedingly well and never looked like running into danger. Hawkins plays from a handicap of scratch and would very possibly have beaten a better golfer.

The match was played in the friendliest and best possible spirit; the members of both teams obviously meant to enjoy themselves and all carried out their intentions. No quarter was asked for, given, or expected, and when anyone said "Bad luck" to an opponent who had played a bad shot, he may possibly (only possibly) have meant what he said.

After the match the captain of the Society of London Golf Captains presented W. J. Gardner, who has worked so hard for the Artisans' Association as secretary, with a silver tankard as a memento of the first match between these two societies.

There is no doubt that this will be the forerunner of many similar matches in the future, but John Henry and Sir Edward will in future either have to play against each other or return some more cards for the adjustment of their handicaps.

It is quite clear from every point of view that we cannot have too many golf matches of this nature.

At Calcot

Competitors in the Calcot Open Meeting Foursomes were a Sunningdale pair, Lady Neumann and W. J. B. Girardet

The Ladies Beat the Men at Stoke Poges

In the foursomes Pam Barton and Phyllis Wade played H. S. Malik and E. F. Storey and beat them by one hole, but both lost their matches in the singles. The Ladies, receiving a half, won the tournament by 12 matches to 4, with two halved

A Correction

In our issue of May 25th last, we illustrated Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's house at Le Touquet, and indicated that he had called in Mrs. Marie Louise Arnold to decorate it. We have been asked to state that actually the firm to which the commission was entrusted and which executed it was Reens-Arta, of 31, Bruton Street, of which firm Mrs. Arnold was at that time a director.

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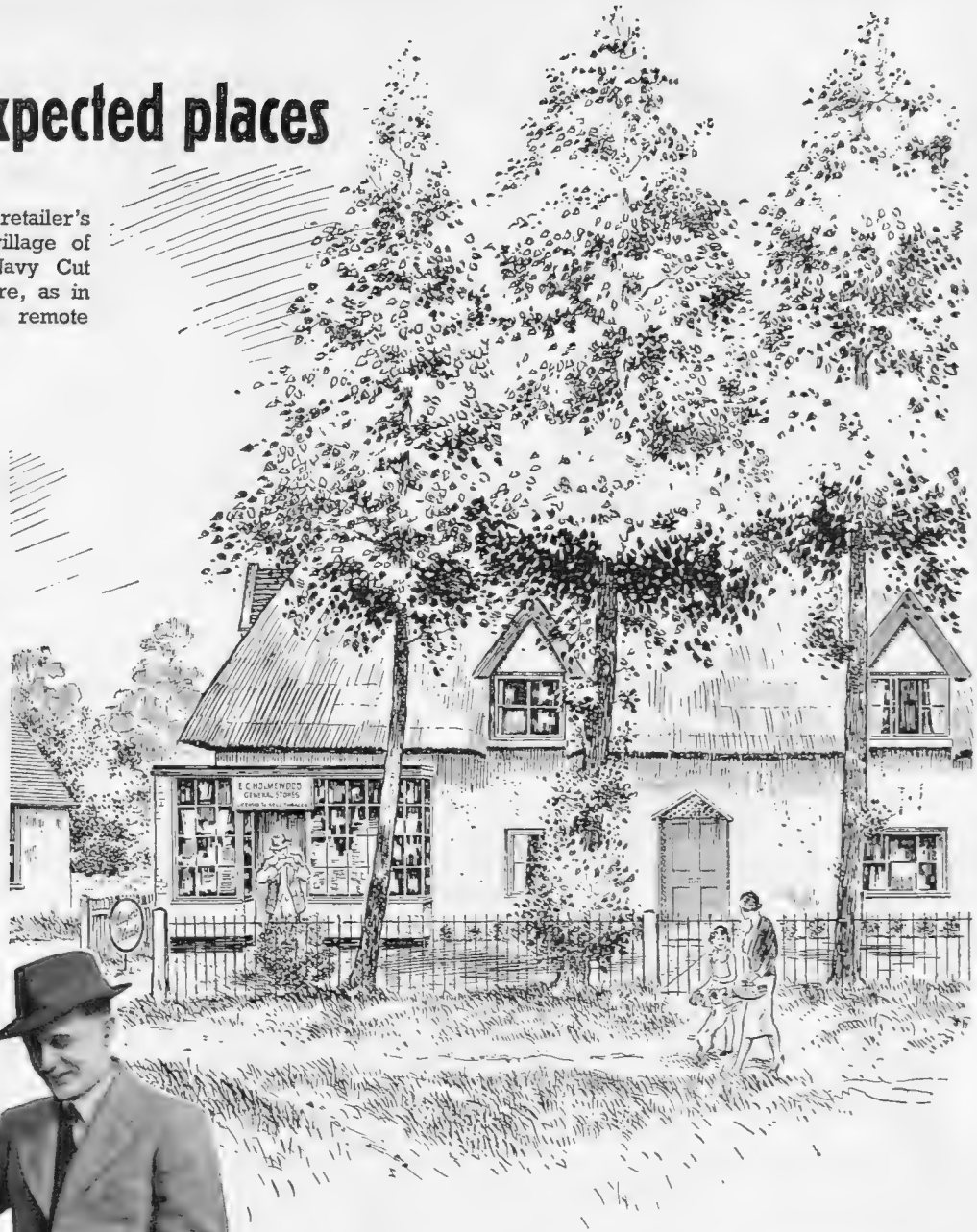
In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Burrell & Hardman, Liverpool

Sheila McCarthy

Sheila McCarthy is to marry Dr. Arthur D. Picton in July. She is a member of the Vic-Wells Ballet; her fiancé is the son of Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Picton, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, and a great-grandson of the late Sir J. Picton, the Liverpool historian and philanthropist

Pearl Freeman

Eileen Mary Wilson

Is the daughter of the late W. J. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Boltown House, Kells, Co. Meath, and is to marry, on July 30th, Francis Everard Tatham, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Tatham, of Park Valley, Nottingham

Pearl Freeman

Pauline Elizabeth Creasy

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Creasy of Umtali, Southern Rhodesia. She has announced her engagement to Peter Athelwold Pennant-Rea, only son of Mrs. Pennant-Rea, of Claygate, Surrey.

Lenare

Gweneth Butler

The well-known skater is to be married next month to John Benn, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton Benn, of Pythingdean, Pulborough, Sussex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Butler, of 42, Walton Street, S.W.3

Pearl Freeman

Mary Hyde Jones

The only daughter of Sir Bertram and Lady Hyde Jones, of The White House, Sanderstead, Surrey, is to be married in September to Arthur Eustace Farmiloe, of Purley Park, Berkshire, and 73, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1

Catherine Bell

Rosemary Parker

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Parker, of 13, Sussex Gardens, W.2, and is engaged to Robert Peter McMullen, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Osmond Robert McMullen, of Presdales Hall, Ware, Herts.

Vandyk

Betty Cole

Is engaged to Humphrey Pigot Williams, the Buffs, son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Hugh Pigot Williams. She is the daughter of the late Com. J. F. H. Cole, R.N., and Mrs. Oliver Leggett, of Milton House, Waterlooville, Hants.

Catherine Bell

Deborah Susan Preston

Has announced her engagement to Capt. Ian Noel Fulton, R.A.M.C., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. A. Fulton, of 17, Gilston Road, S.W.10. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Preston, of 53, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10

Bassano

Vendi Legard

Is the daughter of the late Lt. George P. Legard, R.N., and Mrs. Legard, of 4, South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. She is engaged to Colin Milward, 5th Fusiliers, son of Major-Gen. Sir Clement Milward, Commander, Lucknow District, India, and Lady Milward

Yevonde

Barbara Marriott

Is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. S. C. Marriott, of Shord Hill, Kenley, Surrey, and has announced her engagement to Flying Officer Michael Reid, only son of Prebendary and Mrs. Reid, of St. Mary Arches Rectory, Exeter

Lafayette

Vivienne Neville Bourke

Is the daughter of the late Capt. B. W. Bourke, of Heathfield, Ballycastle, Co. Mayo, and Mrs. Newsam, of Ashfield, Beauparc, Co. Meath, and will marry, in August, Robert Alexander Maclean, son of the late Andrew Maclean, of Birkdale, Cambuslang, Lanark

Rachel Hanbury

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Philip Hanbury, of Updown House, Eastry, Kent, and is engaged to Captain Henry Charles Harland, Royal Scots, son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Harland, of Nether Stowey Vicarage, Somerset

Van den Berghe — Noall

Leon Van den Berghe, Belgian Vice-Consul at Cologne, son of M. Médard A. Van den Berghe Van den Bulcke, and Joan Florence Noall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Noall, of Oakdene, Coombe Lane, Kingston Hill, Surrey, were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Barron — Streatfield

Harry Charles Barron and Diana Streatfield were married at St. Barnabas, Addison Road. He is the son of Major A. H. Barron, of Three Beeches, Paignton, Devon, and she is the daughter of Mrs. S. R. Streatfield, of Barley, Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire

Bacon — Fox

Basil MacLeod Bacon, son of the late Lieut.-Col. F. J. Bacon, and Mrs. Bacon, of Ellerslie House, Fareham, Hants., and Dorothy Maud Fox, daughter of the late Owen Gurney Fox, and Mrs. Fox, of St. Mark's Court, Abercorn Place, N.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Marshall — Betham

John Anthony Marshall and Barbara Mary Betham were married at Gosforth, Northumberland. His parents are Major and Mrs. Marshall, of Cherrytrees, Kelso, and she is the daughter of the late W. D. Betham, and Mrs. Betham, of Ilderton, Wooler, Northumberland

Wratislaw — Maxwell-Anderson

Lieut. Rudolf John Marc Wratislaw, R.N., son of E. T. Wratislaw, of Rugby, and Meriol Maxwell-Anderson, only child of Capt. Sir Maxwell Maxwell-Anderson, R.N. (ret.) and Lady Maxwell-Anderson, of Ta-Xbiex, Malta, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Gray — Masland

James Cameron Gray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gillies Gray, of the Cliff, Wemyss Bay, Renfrewshire, and Beryl Masland, daughter of the late Goodacre Masland, and Mrs. Charles Beard, of West Hill, Leamington Spa, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Findlay — Stirling

Robert Leslie Findlay and Margaret Joan Ariana Stirling were married in Edinburgh. He is the eldest son of Major and Mrs. C. W. Findlay, of Arngibbon, Kippen, Stirling, and she is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Hay Stirling, of Edinburgh

Hunter — Finnis

Antony Noel Hunter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hunter, of Longmoor, Coombe Warren, Surrey, and Rosemary Finnis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, of 19, Brechin Place, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and have gone motoring on the Continent for honeymoon

Allen — Musgrave

Eric Minter Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Allen, of Straythorpe, Harrogate, and Dorothy Musgrave, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Musgrave, of Low Barn, Hunmanby, Yorks., were married at Filey Parish Church

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 29—July 5

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. (Closing July 9th.)

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Nora Swinburne and Cecil Parker as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARRIAGE.—Gogol's play of nineteenth-century Russia has Waldo Wright, Cecil Trouncer, Isobel Scaife in the cast: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—West Africa makes a fine schoolboy spectacle to the *Sanders of the River* story; Leslie Banks and Edna Best are somewhere there: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 8.30.

THE TEMPEST.—Philip Merivale as Prospero, Sylvia Marriott as Miranda: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TRUMPETER, PLAY!—The theme—Anglo-German; tension—topical; the handling—sympathetic but pointless; the actors—Cathleen Nesbitt, Malcolm Keen, Leon M. Lion: Garrick, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond: Savoy, 8.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Fritzi Massary, Peggy Wood, Griffith Jones, Irene Vanbrugh, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30 Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 106.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Stratford to Buxton

Peggy Livesey, a leading member of the Stratford Shakespeare Company, went up to Buxton in one of her free moments, and was photographed dining at the Spa Plaza Hotel

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

SEXES AND SEVENS.—Marc Daly and Mai Bacon lead in a play about a greyhound trainer and his henpeck wife: Vaudeville, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ALF'S BUTTON AFLOAT (British).—The whole Crazy Gang is here, so what does the story matter?: Gaumont.

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: London Pavilion.

THE DEVIL'S PARTY (American).—Victor McLaglen and Beatrice Roberts are in this, which doubles with *Sinners in Paradise*, John Boles and Madge Evans on a South Sea Island: Leicester Square.

THE DRUM (British).—Sabu and the British Army on the North-West Frontier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Raimu in this excellent comedy can still be seen. Also, *The March of Time* Nazi Germany film: Everyman, Hampstead.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier as an electrician who makes good in music-hall; directed with brilliant gaiety by Julien Duvivier: Berkeley.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan are the players: Curzon.

PENITENTIARY (American).—A prison-life thriller with a love-story, with Walter Connolly, John Howard, Jean Parker: Regal.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Czechoslovakia Prepares*: Academy.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Robinson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THREE COMRADES (American).—A story of three young men—Robert Taylor, Robert Young and Franchot Tone—and a girl—Margaret Sullavan, from Erich Maria Remarque's novel: Empire.

TROPIC HOLIDAY (American).—Romance and music in Southern Mexico; love scenes by Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland, comedy by Bob Burns and Martha Raye: Plaza.

YOU AND ME (American).—Two ex-convicts make good (George Raft and Sylvia Sidney): Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE:

Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A six weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Scala, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RUSSIAN BALLET at Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CENT BAISERS, SCHEHERAZADE, MIDNIGHT SUN: Wed., 29th, matinée.

LAC DES CYGNES, COQ D'OR, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES: Wed., 29th.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, PETROUCHKA, CIMAROSIANA: Thurs., 30th.

PAPILLONS, CHOREARTIUM, PRINCE IGOR: Fri., 1st.

SYLPHIDES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES: Sat., 2nd, matinée.

CIMAROSIANA, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, MIDNIGHT SUN: Sat., 2nd. (For further programme, see dailies.)

ERESOINKA.—Basque music and dances given by an excellent company of singers and dancers; a fascinating and well-produced entertainment: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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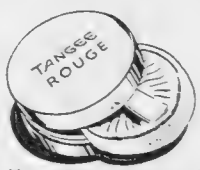

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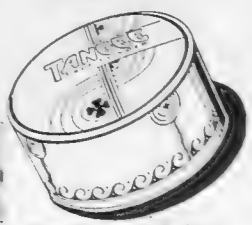

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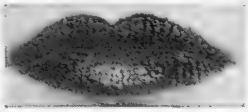

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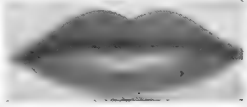

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A cash prize of £10 is offered by "The Sketch" for the "BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication every week until further notice. For every other competitive photograph which the editor considers worthy of publication, a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. FULL DETAILS AND CONDITIONS APPEAR EVERY WEEK IN "THE SKETCH".

"MISS SKETCH'S DIARY"

A special feature, very fully illustrated . . . what "Miss Sketch" has seen and what personalities she has met . . . witty and lively comment on the social round. An entirely new presentation of the popular "about-town" snapshots.

ARE YOU A "BRISTLEWOOD"?

The series of the now famous Bristlewood family—drawn by Frank Reynolds exclusively for "The Sketch"—are pictured comments upon people such as you and I. These experiences are amusing, since they are similar to what you or I might undergo. "The Sketch" has made this family famous . . . *you* would enjoy seeing them every week.

"FROM START TO FINISH"

A complete "all-picture" review of a Play that is having a popular run: this appears in addition to the comprehensive article on "The Stage" by the well-known critic, Ivor Brown, as well as many illustrations of other plays and films.

OTHER REGULAR FEATURES INCLUDE:

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.

A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs, THE CINEMA by Michael Orme—caricatures by Sheriff.

"TALES WITH A STING"—a weekly short story.

"The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.

"MOTLEY NOTES": humorous comment on the foibles of the day, by Alan Kemp.

"Following Through"—a page on GOLF.

"FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": good advice to prospective investors.

"MOTOR DICTA" by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.

"THE FOOD OF LOVE"—a weekly musical article by Francis Toye.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER by L. P. Hartley.

For forty-five years The SKETCH has been a firm favourite. Today its contents are brighter, more entertaining than ever. In the home, as you travel by train, The SKETCH affords hours of delightful reading: and then, how often it is eagerly enjoyed by friends and relations overseas. Start taking The SKETCH today.

The Sketch

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Holiday and Sports Resorts

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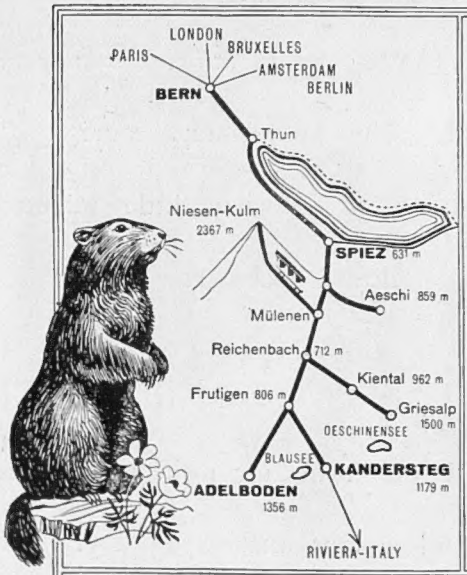

A unique holiday realm lies between the Lake of Thun and the grand circle of snow-capped peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Alps.

Every kind of summer sports can be indulged in here. **Chief among these are excursions and climbs in the mountains.**

Facilities for swimming, tennis etc. Those who are in search of a restful holiday, find it in fragrant pine woods and in the pure air of alpine pastures carpeted with flowers.

Ask for our booklets, and especially for the panoramic folder of the Bernese Oberland, obtainable at all Travel Agencies, local Enquiry Offices and the Publicity Office of the Bernese Oberland at Interlaken.

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Take a never-to-be-forgotten holiday in Czechoslovakia this year. A wealth of new experiences awaits you, old-world towns, picturesque villages, gay peasant costumes and old-new PRAGUE—hub of Europe—city of a thousand attractions, where this year the famous **Sokol festival**—a spectacular display by the nation's Gymnasts is taking place until **July 6th.**

GRAND CIRCULAR TOUR

16 DAYS 25 GNS-

CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT

Arranged in conjunction with Cedok Ltd.

Ask for details from the London and Provincial offices of:—

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SWITZERLAND

Schweizerhof Lucerne

FIRST CLASS

Pension Terms from **17/-**

THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

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FOR ARTHRITIS AND HEPATIC INSUFFICIENCY

VITTEL FOR VITALITY. DRINK THE VITALISING WATERS: VITTEL "GRANDE SOURCE" VITTEL "HEPAR". IT'S VITAL TO GO TO VITTEL

GET THE VITTEL HABIT — IT'S A GOOD ONE!

To have a real holiday -- to be free from all the petty troubles of everyday life -- change scenes completely. Go to Vittel, the Park Spa of Europe. Every hour there you will find healthful rest and pleasure. The famed waters, "Grande Source" and "Source Hepar", will transform your fatigue into energy, correcting the faulty elimination of toxin; if you suffer from arthritis or hepatic insufficiency, a cure at Vittel will give rapid and gratifying results. And once you have taken a cure you can continue its good effects by drinking bottled Vittel at home. Vittel Waters are on sale everywhere.

Stay at the GRAND HOTEL, VITTEL PALACE or the de luxe ERMITAGE, which faces the beautiful 18 hole golf course. In Vittel, there are accommodations to suit every purse.

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Société Générale des Eaux Minérales de Vittel, Vosges, France, or apply to French Railways -- National Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1. or any Travel Agency.

The Spa to choose this year

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMOUS HOUSE

JAMES LYS SEAGER SAMPLES THE FIRST GIN MADE TO HIS SECRET RECIPE

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100% PURE 100% PERFECT

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The under-mentioned Hotels are renowned for competent and courteous service, excellent food, good wines and congenial surroundings. All hotels have central heating (adjustable), every modern amenity and are fully licensed.

GRAND, SCARBOROUGH

METROPOLE, BLACKPOOL

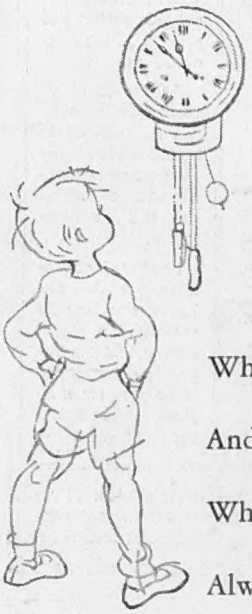
GRANVILLE, RAMSGATE

EMPIRE, BATH

VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON

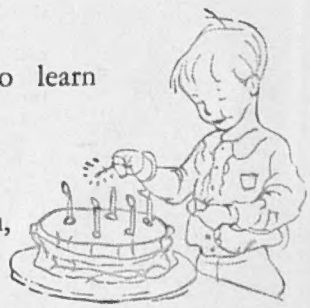
The Questioner

Why is sugar always sweet?
Why are lemons sour?
Why do sixty little minutes
Always make an hour?



Why does tickling make you laugh?
And onions make you cry?
Why is salt like Cerebos
Always crisp and dry?

There are so many things to learn
So long as you're alive
And I'm already getting on,
You see, I'm nearly five.



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V.V.O. SCOTCH WHISKY

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For the Hands and Complexion

Well kept hands and a soft smooth complexion are assured by the regular use of ESS VIOTTO. A few drops rubbed into the skin after washing form an unfailing beauty habit.

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A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

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gives slipper comfort in Golf & Sports Shoes

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Light and easy to the tenderest feet, this flexible chrome upper leather is extremely smart in appearance and thoroughly waterproof.

Golf and Sports Shoes with "Veebex" Uppers can be obtained in the well-known "Oral" "Royal and Ancient" and many other brands.

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"If only mummy could take me to the sea. I've never seen it yet, or the sands or the big ships . . . if only I could go—just once."

Her poor overworked mummy could take her away from the slum where they live . . . if only you were to lend a hand.

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Gifts will be gladly received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(*Continued from page ii of cover*).

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Montreux.—The Excelsior—has the best sit. on lake. 1st. cl. 110 rms. all sth. Recom'd for a stay all the year. Personal attention.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel. Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Ten., Lge. Park, Gar. Bch.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—Leading in pos. and quality. Every comft. Pk. Gar., Bathing, Ten. Pens. fr. Frs. 9.50.

Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15

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SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady Park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 10.

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Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Family hot. unriv'd pos. overlook'g town, lake, Alps. Full bd. fr. 14. Swimming-pool, golf, tennis.

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(TOILET 1/6)
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(BATH 2/-)
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